Mrs Smith

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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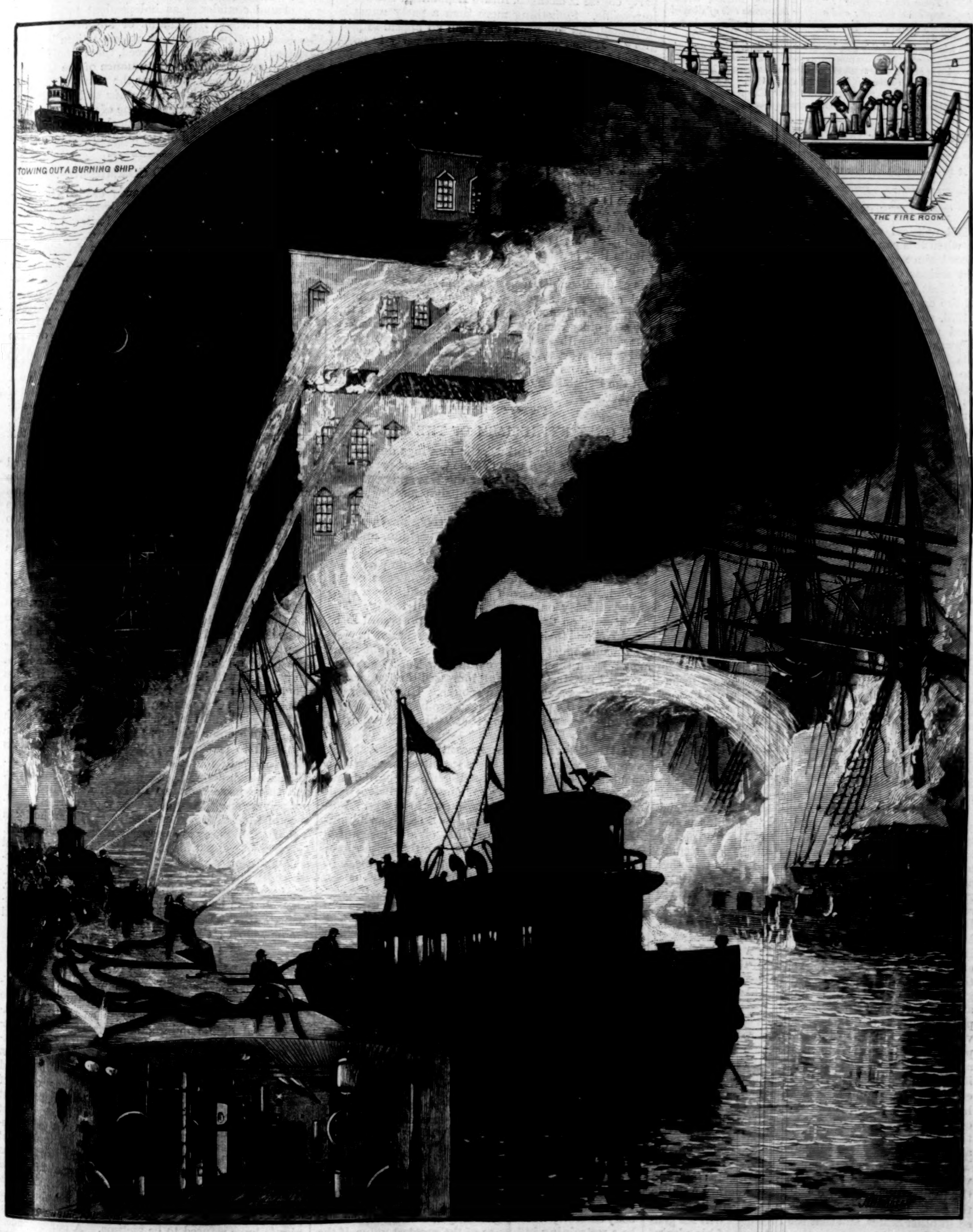
TOWING OUT A BURNING SHIP.
THE FIRE ROOM

A FIRE AT A NEW YORK DOCK—THE RIVER FIRE-BRIGADE AT WORK.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 714.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1882.

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THE LESSON OF THE CAMPAIGN.

THE political campaign which will have ended when this paper is issued has been the most significant since the war, because it has revealed the most serious disturbance in the Republican party. The defeat of Governor DIX in New York in 1874, and the contested result of the Presidential election of 1876, showed that the party had lost its unquestioned ascendency. But that the conduct of the Democrats when they controlled the House of Representatives in 1875-6, and the narrow Republican escape at the general election, should not have thoroughly aroused and renewed the Republican, party, was a very important fact. How little the actual situation was understood was seen in the desperate effort to renominate GRANT for a third term in 1880. Had that plan succeeded, the Republican party would have been overthrown at that election. The success of 1880 was due mainly to the fact that GARFIELD represented progressive Republicanism as distinguished from the power of the party machine. GARFIELD, indeed, was a strong party man, and his selection of Mr. BLAINE as the head of his cabinet was a concession to what he doubtless believed to be the exigency of the party situation. But by nature and temperament, by sympathy and choice, GARFIELD belonged to the progressive wing of his party. No man had more clearly described the dangers of the political system of those who were opposed to him within the party, and he would have certainly fulfilled the intention, announced in his inaugural address, of proposing to Congress definite measures for destroying that system. His death, however, restored it to full vigor, and its managers to power. The alternative which was offered to Mr. ARTHUR upon his accession was difficult. He could try to carry out what he supposed President GARFIELD would have undertaken, or he could take his own course. Perhaps because it was impossible to say precisely what GARFIELD would have done, perhaps because it was not the course that Mr. ARTHUR approved, he decided to act as if he had been himself elected President.

It may be urged on his behalf that as his official responsibility had become precisely what his predecessor's had been, and as his views of the true course to pursue were just as sincere as GARFIELD'S, he could not do otherwise than he has done. But, on the other hand, it is indisputable that the party by electing GARFIELD had disapproved the course which ARTHUR represented. He was, indeed, chosen by the same vote. But that was a result due to the form of election, and Mr. ARTHUR and his friends knew that as a "Stalwart" Republican he could neither have been nominated nor elected to the Presidency. To fulfill the intention of the party, therefore, in the great place to which a tragical chance had elevated him was his obvious duty, and the way to do it was perfectly plain. It was simply to refuse to use the power of his office for the advantage of a faction. But this was repugnant to the principle of his political action, which is that patronage is to be used for the benefit of those who control it. Upon that principle the Administration has proceeded, and apparent disaster to the Republican party has been the result. We say apparent, because we can not know as we write what will be known when these words are read. But the indignation and apathy and open hostility in the Republican campaign in New York, the organized division of the party in Pennsylvania, the bitter discontent in New Hampshire, and the trenchant criticism everywhere, plainly indicate the probability that the result in Ohio will be repeated in other States, and that the President will see general defeat of his party in the first year of his administration. But even success in New York and Pennsylvania would not heal the breach. It is therefore a most serious situation, and in view of the election of 1884 the immediate questions, whatever the result of the elections, would be how the party could be reorganized, or whether disintegration had gone too far.

Republican defeat would not be unintelligible. It could be traced directly to its chief cause, and that is the old cause—the abuse of patronage. This has become the intolerable evil of our politics. Nothing but this could have prevented Republican ascendency for many years. By conviction and sympathy the country is undoubtedly Republican, and defeat at this election would not mean preference of Democratic principles or policy, because no such principles or policy are known or have been in issue before the country. Republican defeat would mean simply Republican disgust, and it would show that, unless the party course is changed, future Republican success is impossible. Something more than a party name is necessary, and something else than an appeal to past glory. If the Republican party, as the party in power and in control of the patronage, had sustained its own proposition of ten years ago to prevent the abuses of patronage, it would have justified its proud title as the party of ideas. It would not only have retained the cordial support of its most earnest and intelligent members, but it would have weakened the Democratic opposition by proving that Democrats were not excluded from public employment. There is a point at which it becomes true of parties that he who takes the sword shall perish by the sword. So long as the body-politic is essentially sound, the party which seeks to rule by patronage will fall by patronage. THACKERAY says that, despite all his corruption, Sir ROBERT WALPOLE gave England peace and security. But LECKY admits that because of that corruption England was in sore danger of losing her liberty. The renewed life of the Republican party depends upon its earnest and aggressive advocacy of administrative reform. Young Republicans everywhere are as earnest in this cause as older Republicans in the antislavery contest. The cause, with its kindred issues, will have its party, and even before the results of the election are known it is plain from the course of the canvass that if it is not the Republican or the Democratic party, it will be another.

THE ONLY ENTHUSIASM OF THE CAMPAIGN.

THE only really enthusiastic meetings during the campaign have been those of the Citizens' party, supporting ALLAN CAMPBELL for the Mayoralty of New York. The regular party campaign meetings have been very few and very perfunctory. The Republicans have been oppressed by the consciousness of a strong and general Republican opposition, and the Democrats have known that their fair prospects were due, not to sympathy with the Democratic party, but to Republican discontent. The Republicans could, indeed, "point with pride to their record," but a brilliant yesterday only emphasizes a dull to-day. The Democrats, on the other hand, have no record to be proud of, and their promises are not persuasive in view of their conduct after their last success, eight years ago. Even the Republicans in New York who openly voted for Mr. CLEVELAND increased the Democratic vote only as a Republican rebuke. Under such circumstances the party meetings have been exceedingly dismal, for everybody knew that "things are not what they seem."

But the Citizens' meetings meant precisely what they seemed to mean. They were the fit expression of a spontaneous movement of intelligent, substantial, and patriotic citizens to secure an honest and efficient business administration of the business of the city. Politics have properly no more to do with such an administration than with the conduct of any mercantile business. Politics intrude into it only for purposes of bargain and plunder. What politics can make of it we saw in the days of the TWEED Ring; and as Mr. SCHURZ said in his speech at Cooper Institute, the city was confronted at this election with the same old Tammany, but under a somewhat milder face. The universal enthusiasm at these meetings, the trenchant speeches, the sharp and humorous criticisms, the eager and earnest responses, with the impromptu and excellent organization of the movement, the energy and sagacity with which it was pushed, and the general sympathy which it awakened throughout the country, made it the point of chief interest in the New York campaign, where the general result seemed at least to be a foregone conclusion.

Whatever the present result of this uprising of the citizens of New York may be, whether the grasp of Tammany upon the public purse be strengthened or relaxed, the movement should not be suffered to be lost. If by evil chance the city government should fall into the hands of Tammany, the Committee of Fifty might well continue as a voluntary body of supervision, ready at any moment to give the alarm, and to summon the citizens, and this continuance was demanded by the resolutions at the first great Citizens' meeting. The knowledge of the existence of such a body carefully watching the city administration would be a restraining influence of the greatest value, if the power of Tammany should be sufficient to defeat the election of Mr. CAMPBELL and his associates. The movement also has had the further good result, whatever the issue of the Mayoralty election may be, that it has exposed finally and completely the pretense of Democratic hostility to Tammany Hall in the organization known as the County Democracy. No more flagrant and instructive political spectacle has been recently presented than that of the leaders of the County Democracy deliberately trafficking with Tammany Hall to divide the city government as booty. Not a word has Tammany—that is, Mr. JOHN KELLY—retracted; not of a single act has he professed repentance; he is to-day all that the County Democracy has described him as being, yet the politicians who have denounced and execrated him as a dangerous public power have made common cause with him to afflict the city with the worst form of partisan government. These leaders have forfeited every claim to respect and confidence as independent public men, and have become lieutenants of Mr. JOHN KELLY. Should their alliance against a non-partisan business municipal administration succeed, there would be all the more reason for the continuance of the Citizens' Committee. Indeed, whatever the result of the election may be, the swift and vigorous and effective organization of the movement is one of the chief among the many cheering signs of political health and energy which the campaign of the autumn has furnished.

THE RAILROAD COMMISSION.

AMONG the duties of the newly elected Governor will be the appointment of a Railroad Commission, and among the good results of a Railroad Commission we trust will be the swift and exemplary punishment of railroad offenders. If a frightful and wanton slaughter takes place at Spuyten Duyvil or in the tunnel, somebody will be held sharply to account, and something will be done before the matter has been obscured by later catastrophes. The Grand Central Dépôt is a noble building, and the arrangements for passing passengers to and from the cars are generally simple and satisfactory, and the sunken track is a great public work, and there is much comfort and ease and convenience in travel over the road. Yet there is gross and criminal neglect on the part of the Central Railroad in regard to essential details involving the safety of human life—so gross, indeed, that there is a sense of insecurity in travel by that route.

No one who has read the story of Spuyten Duyvil or of the late disaster in the tunnel but sees that a management which did not prevent such massacres is an exceedingly incompetent management. By the act of God, as the old crowner's quest verdicts used to say, such an event as that at Spuyten Duyvil might occur. But that a train upon a curve, standing on the spot at which another train was due a few minutes later, should have been left standing until the other train dashed at its proper time around the curve and crashed into the stationary train—such an event is not the act of God in the crowner's sense: it is the crime of man, and it is because nothing is to be hoped from the spontaneous action of a company under whose control such a great disaster is possible that a commission will be hailed with public joy, if it has proper powers—such, for instance, as those of the Massachusetts Commission.

The power and the spirit of vast corporate wealth have now become such as to challenge public attention, and to produce a general conviction that it is wise to create for it a special public supervision. This has been done for the railroads in several States, and there have been no ill results. Railroads are not private enterprises in the sense of entire independence of the State. They receive public authority in a charter, and they are properly under public control. Governor CORNELL doubtless would have appointed a Commission which would certainly protect the public right and interest as against corporate control. That we trust will be the resolution of his successor. The selection of an obviously competent and courageous Railroad Commission would greatly commend the new Governor to popular confidence.

"VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS."

THERE is one victory of the campaign which is evident even before the election. The infamous abuse of political assessments has been so thoroughly exposed, and public indignation has been so concentrated upon it, that undoubtedly it will be made illegal. The joy of the machine which followed the first general protest against the HUBBELL circular, and which declared that, despite the protest, the proceeds of the extortion were greater than ever before, turns out to have been mere brag. According to statements at the close of the canvass at least half of the government employés have refused to pay, and the different manner in which the mean business of extortion was transacted by the politicians who undertake it shows that the agitation has had the best effect. The pretext of "voluntary contributions" is completely disposed of by the fact that so large a number of employés have refused to be victims. A correspondent of the *Herald*, E. D. WILLIAMS, asserts that MAHONE assessed a widow in the Post-office Department, who had five children to support, $45 on a salary of $900, and that Governor FOSTER and Attorney-General NASH, of Ohio, demanded $25 of a postmistress in that State whose salary was $500. Such incidents, if true, are not different from hundreds of others, and of themselves they give the lie to the twaddle about "voluntary" giving.

Last year Mr. HUGH GARDNER, a Police Justice, opened an office at the Astor House, opposite the Post-office, to receive the payments of the Post-office clerks, he having been in the postal service, and knowing the victims personally. This year Mr. WILLIAM H. BARKER, an agent of the State Committee, took a room at the Astor House, and the Post-office clerks received cards on which the summons was printed as follows: "Treasurer Republican State Committee, 10 A.M. until 4 P.M. October 30, 1882. Room 11, Astor House." The name of every clerk who called and paid was carefully noted. For what purpose? To be transmitted to the State Committee. And again for what purpose? To make a black list of those who do not pay. A similar card was distributed at the Custom-house, mentioning a room near by in Hanover Street, where DICK TURPIN could be found for the purpose of receiving "voluntary contributions." In Brooklyn, as we are informed, circulars of the committee were sent free through the mail, which is unlawful, and were distributed among the Post-office employés by postal officers. The circulars stated that WILLIAM H. LEAYCRAFT was authorized to collect voluntary subscriptions in Brooklyn, and this significant postscript was added: "It is requested that contributions be paid in person at Campaign Committee Headquarters, 150 Pierrepont Street, at the earliest date." Why in person? Simply that the goats and the sheep might be clearly distinguished. And why are such circulars sent to clerks in the Post-office and the Custom-house and not to clerks in the employment of private firms? Simply that the public employés may feel that their places depend upon their paying.

In the light of the discussions of the summer, are not the gentlemen whose names appear upon the lists of the HUBBELL and other campaign committees a little ashamed of this business of squeezing money for the expenses of a campaign out of the pockets of the employés of the government? Undoubtedly money must be had for the just expenses of a campaign. But this is no truer in 1882 than it was in 1860. In 1860 the Republican campaign ended in the overthrow of the Democratic party, intrenched in every nook and corner of the national civil service. Who paid the expenses? Those who wished to save the country from the clutches of slavery. Who paid the expenses of the late Citizens' movement in the city of New York? Those who wished to save the city from the clutches of Tammany. This is the only legitimate and honorable way. Of course Tammany levied upon its candidates and such employés as it could reach. But that is one of the outrages for which Tammany ought to be overthrown. Whenever a party is not sufficiently interested in its own success to pay its expenses honestly and willingly, it ought to go out of power.

HONORING WILLIAM PENN.

THE great pageant in Philadelphia to commemorate the bicentenary of the city seems to have been very successful. The weather was fine, the crowds were enormous, and the amount of money taken was very large. The event commemorated was most interesting, and in every way worthy of remembrance. But the especial method chosen was certainly grotesque. WILLIAM PENN probably was not the typical obese Quaker who is so often represented, and whom BENJAMIN WEST seems to have had in mind when he painted a Quaker John Bull and called him WILLIAM PENN. The founder of Pennsylvania was an active and athletic man, and a gentleman familiar with "good society." But he was still a Quaker, and a very sincere one, and any commemoration of him should have strict regard to that fact. Now the Quaker is typically a personage who eschews the pomps and vanities of the world, who wears plain clothes and uses the plain language, to whom a play-house is the entrance to the pit, and players sons of Belial, and spectacular pageants devices of the devil. Nothing, therefore, could be more inappropriate than a theatrical display as a memorial of one of the great historic Quakers.

However well done, therefore—and it is agreed that it was capitally done—may have been the representation of the landing of PENN and his company, and however perfect the right of any free American may be to represent that landing, if he chooses, with as complete a wardrobe and parade as he can command, it remains none the less true that it was a queer form of commemoration of the landing of a Quaker founder of a State. The same comment may be made, and, indeed, has been copiously made, upon other parts of the commemoration. Something simpler and more suggestive of the real significance of the event would have been more agreeable to the sentiment of the occasion. The event signalized was the founding of a State two hundred years ago. What, therefore, could have been more appropriate, as the *American*, published in Philadelphia, suggests, than a representative exhibition of the growth and development of the State in the two centuries of its existence?

Such an exhibition would have been one of the most interesting possible. It would have been an incomparable illustration of the intelligence, the industry, the inventive and productive genius, the mineral and manufacturing opulence, the amazing material achievement, of a great self-governed commonwealth. It is what PENN himself would have wished to see, if also the evidence of corresponding spiritual progress and development could be displayed. It was ordered otherwise by the managers of the commemoration, and although it may seem useless to suggest how it might have been done otherwise, it will not be useless if it should remind other managers of similar enterprises that the method of commemoration should bear strict relation to the thing commemorated.

THE IRISH GIRONDE.

THE announcement that Mr. PARNELL had suddenly appeared as the very personage that he has so long and strenuously denounced—namely, the evicting landlord—may be perhaps explained in a manner satisfactory to his supporters. But there is no doubt that he has reached the point which is reached sooner or later by most of the Irish leaders of agitation—the point of some kind of understanding with the English government, and consequent breach with some part of his Irish following. He and his friends are apparently becoming the Gironde of the Irish movement. But revolution usually tramples the Gironde under foot.

Mr. SMALLEY'S account in the *Tribune* of the Irish situation is apparently justified by the facts. The old Land League is dissolved, and a new National League has been formed, after violent differences of opinion, with Mr. PARNELL at its head. This League is to aim at Ireland for the Irish, but its land policy is to be ownership of the soil by the tenant farmers. There are some 600,000 of these, and their ownership would not alleviate the suffering of the great body of the Irish laborers under them. This is the policy adopted instead of that of Mr. DAVITT, which is the form of Communism known as nationalization, or ownership of the land by the state, and rental to every occupier and improver. This scheme is, of course, radically different from PARNELL'S landlord ownership. But Mr. PARNELL and Mr. DAVITT do not acknowledge any rupture; and as the former has the more powerful following, Mr. DAVITT seems to have decided to abide for the present by the half-loaf.

The Irish members of Parliament not unnaturally prefer to carry on their contest within rather than without the Parliament House. The greater number evidently prefer to make the struggle constitutional rather than revolutionary. This is not to be regretted, except by the dynamite and blatherskite agitators. In the present situation of Ireland a policy of revolution would be suicidal. It is now stated that the English government, in consideration of the support of the PARNELL party upon the question of closure, will introduce legislation favoring a peasant proprietary, the extension of the franchise, and some form of local self-government. It would certainly be a great mistake for any Irish leader who had not decided to pursue a revolutionary policy to fail to take advantage of the opportunity which is offered by the government of Mr. GLADSTONE. But whether a leader who does not favor a revolutionary policy can long retain his leadership is yet to be proved.

A NEW SOCIETY.

MUCH has been accomplished in the way of encouraging investigation and promoting discovery by the judicious offer of rewards. Numbers of important insects and entertaining and improving reptiles have been discovered by persons stimulated by the hope of winning the prize for novelties in bugs and snakes, and an impetus was recently given to the search for comets by the intelligent comet-fancier who offered a reward for every new comet. A society has just been formed in England for the purpose of cultivating, in pursuance of this plan, a field which has hitherto been neglected. The society is called the Society for Psychical Research, and it has offered a reward for the discovery of new and genuine ghosts.

That there should be a demand for ghosts, apart from the regular ghosts employed by spiritual media, is something quite new. Mankind may be divided into two classes—those who believe in ghosts and those who do not. The latter, of course, would not dream of offering a reward for ghosts, and the former, as a rule, look upon ghosts with extreme disfavor. The very last thing that they could wish to see would be a ghost, and if they were to offer any reward in connection with the discovery of ghosts, it would be for the prompt extermination of those supernatural pests.

The Society for Psychical Research obviously believes in ghosts, and yet it desires to meet them. What its object can be is not particularly clear. If the members of the society merely wish the pleasure of social intercourse with ghosts, any spiritual medium can satisfy them. A large and varied assortment of ghosts of extensive conversational powers is kept on hand by every medium of reputation, and all the members of the society need do is to pay Mr. SLADE or Mr. HOME his usual fee, and sit down to an hour's conversation with the ghosts of SOCRATES, TECUMSEH, and GEORGE WASHINGTON. The society evidently does not care for this sort of thing, but wishes to meet with ghosts who have formed no business relations with spiritual media. Unless its motive is mere idle curiosity, the Society for Psychical Research is probably influenced solely by benevolent motives, and its real object is to improve the condition of ghosts.

There is no doubt that the condition of the average ghost admits of very great improvement. Many ghosts are undoubtedly mere vagabonds, leading aimless and worse than useless existences. These are the ghosts who amuse themselves by throwing bricks down the chimney, by breaking the china, or by lying in wait in the neighborhood of cemeteries to frighten belated and timid people. The society could do a great deal of good by providing these ghosts with healthy and regular occupation. It could place them with respectable media, where they would have little work to do, and where they could improve their minds by associating with devout Spiritualists. Or it could find them congenial occupation in haunting comfortable houses, and inflicting deserved mental torments upon objectionable people. There are also many conscientious, hard-working ghosts who haunt ruinous buildings, where everything is gloomy, and where they rarely meet any human being whom it is really worth while to frighten. Were these deserving but unfortunate ghosts to be taken from their unpleasant surroundings, placed in pleasant houses, and directed to haunt persons who stand in need of just this sort of discipline, great good would be done. Were a few Egyptian ghosts now haunting the dreary wastes of Karnak to be sent to Hawarden to haunt Mr. GLADSTONE, they would be far better off than they are at present, and Mr. GLADSTONE might be stimulated to make desirable and important changes in his Egyptian policy.

We may also suppose that the society desires to improve the present limited methods of interviews between ghosts and men. As is well known, the sort of ghost that haunts old country houses never speaks, while the ghosts whom one meets at a spiritual seance express themselves in a clumsy way by rapping on the table or writing on a slate. If the society can teach ghosts the art of conversation in good English, it will be a work second in importance only to that of free common-school education.

But how is the society to obtain its ghosts? It is a very simple thing to offer a reward for a ghost, and it is, let us assume, by no means difficult for a determined investigator to find a ghost. The question will still remain, how can the society be placed in the possession of the ghost. It would be idle to try to seize a ghost, say, in Kenilworth Castle, and to carry it to London, and deposit it with the secretary of the Society for Psychical Research. The discoverer would also in all probability find it impossible to induce the ghost to accompany him to London, for, in spite of what has been told of ghosts by frightened ghost-seers, there is nothing more timid than a ghost. All that the discoverer could do would be to go to London, and claim a reward on the ground that he had seen a ghost. This would give the society no satisfaction, and it could justly refuse to pay any reward for a ghost which the finder could not deliver.

The general impression seems to be that the Society for Psychical Research desires to prove beyond any question the existence of ghosts. If so, it will not be successful. Unless a ghost is actually caught and delivered to the society, all that its efforts can accomplish will be to add to the number of ghost stories now in circulation. This would be a needless and utterly useless work, for the new stories would not differ in character from the old ones, and as that sort of evidence is admitted to be unsatisfactory, its value would not be increased by adding to it further evidence of precisely the same character.

PERSONAL.

IN a note to his *New Arabian Nights*, the author, Mr. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, complained that some one had borrowed the idea of a story from one of his; and the London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, on what he hastily assumed to be authority, asserted that Mr. JAMES PAYN was the plagiarist. Subsequent inquiry convinced the correspondent that he was in error, and he has retracted the charge, with apologies and regrets. The matter having come to the notice of Mr. STEVENSON, that gentleman has written a letter warmly denying that Mr. PAYN was the author hinted at in his note. He adds: "There breathes no man of letters more inspired by kindness and generosity to his brethren of the profession [than Mr. PAYN]; and to put an end to any possibility of error, I may be allowed to add that I often have recourse, and that I had recourse once more but a few weeks ago, to the valuable practical help which he makes it his pleasure to extend to younger men." Mr. PAYN is well known on both sides of the Atlantic as a novelist of striking originality, and nothing could be more preposterous than a charge of plagiarism against him.

—Mr. J. ADRIEN DE LEON, who died a few days since in New Orleans, was a representative of one of the oldest creole families in Louisiana. Many years ago he was an officer in the United States navy, and was married to the daughter of the Hon. ROBERT J. WALKER. She was afterward divorced from him, and is now the wife of Attorney-General BREWSTER.

—It is some satisfaction to know that the walking-match craze is about played out. FITZGERALD, the successful man in the last competition at Madison Square Garden, will realize only about three thousand dollars, the three others little or nothing. The expenses of the show were about twenty thousand dollars, including rent, leaving a beggarly balance for those who invested their money in the speculation.

—JOSEPH N. DOLPH, the new United States Senator from Oregon, is a native of New York. For twenty years he has lived in Oregon, and besides having a large law practice, has been closely connected with many large business enterprises in that State.

—The Rev. Mr. THISSELTON DYER, in his *Domestic Folk-Lore*, says: "In Scotland Friday seems to be considered a lucky day for weddings; for Mr. WATSON, the City Chamberlain of Glasgow, says that it is a well-established fact that nine-tenths of the marriages in Glasgow are celebrated on a Friday. And Dr. BREWER, in his *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, says it is the most usual day for weddings in Scotland."

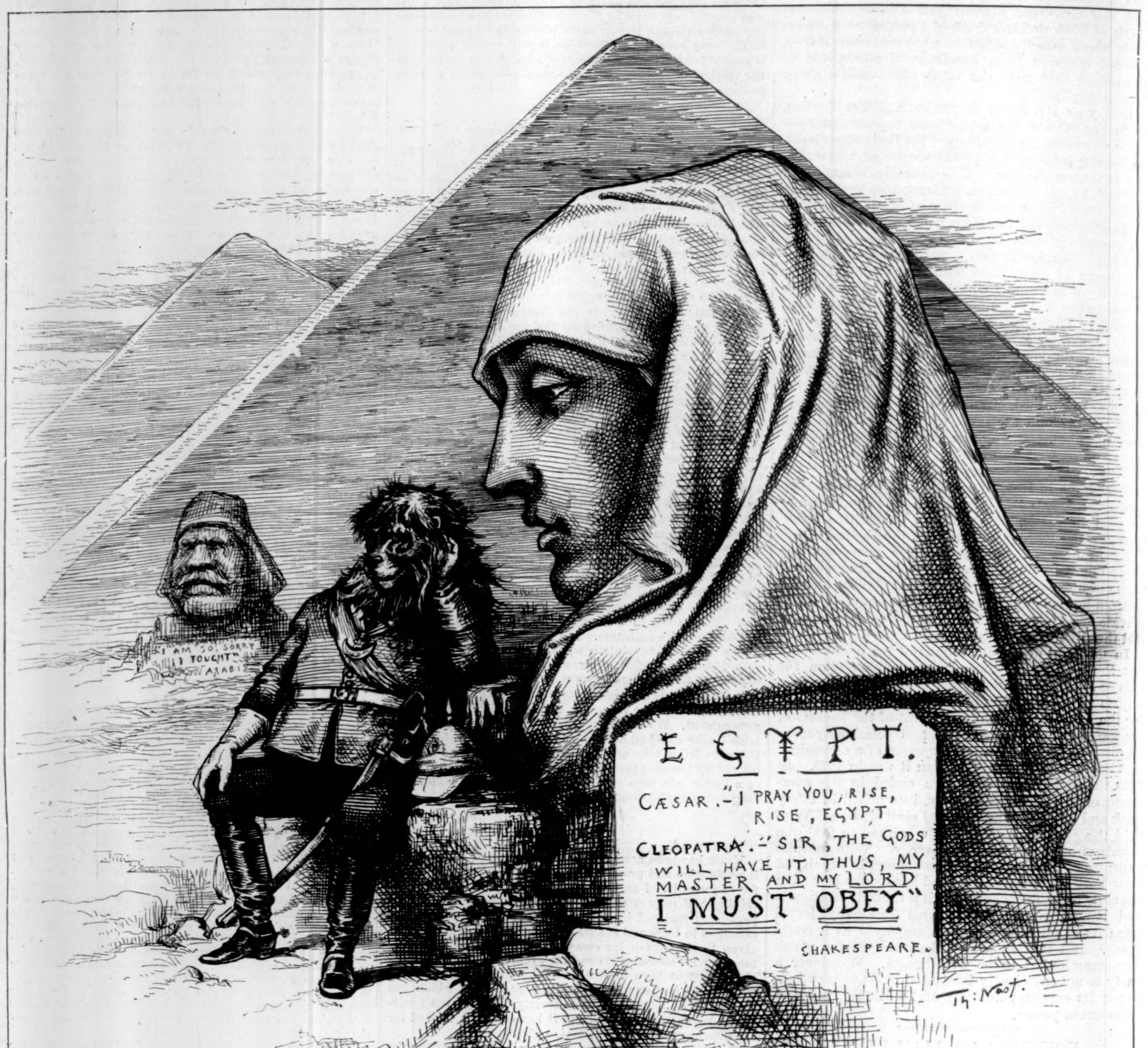
—Mr. HIRAM SIBLEY, of Rochester, who is said to be one of the largest owners of cultivated land in America, and who was formerly President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, is about to erect in Chicago the largest seed house in the world.

—Colonel WICKHAM HOFFMAN, Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, is in New York on short leave of absence. He says that the death of General SKOBELEFF, the leader of the Young Russian party, and the idol of the people, was a great blow, and no one more deeply regretted it than the Emperor. The most popular man in the Russian service to-day among the people is old General TODLEBEN. He has proved to be a wise and humane commander, and was the only one who succeeded in mastering the crusade of hostility against the Jews.

—The Fine Art Society of London have sent to this country Mr. OVEREND, of the *Illustrated London News*, to paint a large picture to represent the combat between the *Hartford* and *Tennessee*, in which Admiral FARRAGUT distinguished himself.

—Mrs. YOUNG, wife of the United States Minister to China, is so very ill from inflammation of the lungs and a frightful cough that, by advice of physicians, Mr. YOUNG will take her back to Japan for the present.

—Mr. CHARLES LANMAN has just retired, at his own request, from the American secretaryship of the Japanese legation, after many years of honorable service. He is succeeded by Mr. D. W. STEVENSON, late United States Secretary of Legation in Japan, and is reputed to be eminently qualified for his new duties. Mr. TERASHIMA, the new Japanese Minister, occupied for several years the position corresponding to that of our Secretary of State. He was also President of the Japanese Senate and Minister to Great Britain, and was one of the courtiers of the Mikado who brought him out of his superstitious seclusion, and restored him to active sovereignty.


"I AM SO, SORRY I FOUGHT" ARABI
EGYPT.
CÆSAR.—"I PRAY YOU, RISE, RISE, EGYPT
CLEOPATRA.—"SIR, THE GODS WILL HAVE IT THUS, MY MASTER AND MY LORD I MUST OBEY"
SHAKESPEARE.
Th: Nast.

AS OF OLD (THE BRITISH) CÆSAR WILL GROW FAT IN EGYPT.

A TOO NARROW ESCAPE.

THE Park Theatre, Broadway and Twenty-second Street, in this city, was burned to the ground on the afternoon of October 30. The theatre was at the time receiving the last touches of preparation for the first appearance of Mrs. LANGTRY. At about twenty minutes before five o'clock flames were seen creeping from the side pilaster of one of the proscenium boxes. The carpenter upon the stage, who seems first to have seen the fire, sprang to the glass box covering the special fire alarm connecting the theatre with the Fire Department station on Eighteenth Street. He smashed the glass with his hand, cutting it badly, and says that he pushed the button which gives the signal. But whether, in his excitement, he failed to press the button, or whether there was a defect in the connection, the signal did not reach the engine-house, and the department was not notified until an alarm was sent by a policeman on Broadway, who saw the smoke and flame rising above the roof. How long this delay was it is impossible definitely to determine. It could at most have been but a few moments. The flames, starting from the box before the stage, swept so rapidly and fiercely up the "flies"—the whole space from stage to roof acting like a vast flue to draw the heat, while feeding it with a mass of combustible material—that the carpenters engaged in the upper part of the stage room were caught and compelled to jump from various heights to the ground. Of these, one was so seriously injured by his leap, and by the scorching air which he had breathed in fighting his way to an opening, that he died the next day. Another, who was at work somewhere among the scenery, was unable to make his escape, and his remains were found in the ruins a day or two after the fire.

On every hand, when the news spread, there was but one exclamation: "If it had happened in the evening!" If it had, the scenes of the Brooklyn Theatre fire, and of the awful burning of the theatre in Vienna, might have been repeated. A crowded house had been assured. The lessee and manager of the theatre, Mr. ABBEY, had an attractive novelty in the person of Mrs. LANGTRY, and he had advertised her with a skill only equalled by his persistency. The leader of the profession of fair women had been interviewed, and described, and reported, and seen, and gossiped about, until the town was alive with curiosity to see her. The sale of seats at the opening of the season by auction had been a very successful one, and Mr. ABBEY had expected to draw at least $6000 for his receipts that evening. That means that the house would have been jammed, that the parquet and gallery would have been surrounded by rows of persons standing, and encroaching more or less on the narrow aisles. This crowd would have been in a more or less excitable mood on account of the occasion. Had the mysterious tongues of flame which were seen on Monday afternoon been seen in the evening at a moment when the curtain was up, and had then sprang, as they sprang in the afternoon, into the stage space, making it in a few seconds a roaring furnace, who can say what the consequences would have been. That there would have been a panic is morally certain; that in a panic the narrow and uneven and changing passages that lead to the exits would have been choked with trampled human forms is equally certain. The owners and managers of the theatre have started the pleasing statement that in the evening there would have been a proper force stationed ready to apply in an instant the contrivances for the suppression of a fire. Possibly this is true, and those contrivances might have been successful. There might have been found officers and men in the audience or on the stage cool enough to prevent a panic had the fire been promptly controlled. But allowing the possibility of all this, there is no certainty of it. The facts remain that the theatre was burned down in less time than it takes to read about it; that the flames spread so rapidly that men familiar with the place were burned fatally before they could reach even a window to leap from; and finally, that it would have been physically impossible for a frightened crowd to get out without crushing each other. With these facts staring us in the face, we can only thank Heaven that the fire broke out in the daytime.

A good deal of discussion will now ensue as to making theatres safe. It will amount to very little. The law, as law is administered in New York, can not do it. There is no adequate motive power to set the law at work. Inspection does not accomplish much, because inspectors are human, and there is nothing to make them do their thankless job thoroughly. The only way in which theatres can be made safe is to make it the decided interest of the owners and managers to keep them safe. This might be brought about by making the lessees or owners responsible in heavy damages to injured parties for neglect. Or it might be done by a system of mutual insurance among reputable managers, such as has reduced the losses by fire in the factories of Massachusetts more than fifty per cent. Until some such scheme is perfected, the people will go on exposing themselves to deadly peril, as they have done in the past. Probably, in fact, the incident of the fire will prove a new means of exciting interest in Mrs. LANGTRY, and she will have larger audiences than if her first one had not narrowly escaped cremation.

A TRUE HERO.

JOSEPH A. SEEDS, the brave engineer who sacrificed his own life in order to save the lives of 600 others on a runaway burning train, deserves to have his name placed high on the roll of the world's heroes. The story of his magnificent bravery, as told by the New York *Sun*, is of the most thrilling character. The ill-fated train was composed of ten passenger-cars, containing 620 persons. The smoking-car, which was coupled to the tender, was so much crowded that men stood in the aisle. The train soon began to move swiftly, and when about a mile east of the Hackensack bridge it was going at the rate of forty miles an hour. Suddenly smoke and fire poured through the front door of the smoking-car, which was open, and created consternation among ths passengers. The roaring flames were swept back from the engine, and they almost hid both it and the tender from sight. "Shut the door! shut the door!" was shouted. The door was closed, but almost immediately it flew open again, and the engineer and fireman emerged from the fire and smoke, and stumbled into the car. The train dashed on, with no one to govern the engine. Men rushed to the rear platform, and there met a frightened crowd from the next car. Others raised windows, only to realize at what speed the train was going, and to know that to jump out would be death.

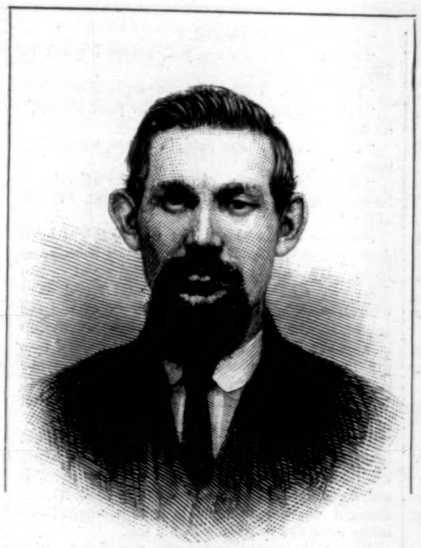
"Get to that closet," shouted Engineer **Gus Seeds** to the fireman, pointing to the rear of the car, "and work the air-brakes."

But the passage was blocked with passengers, and the fireman found it impossible to make headway.

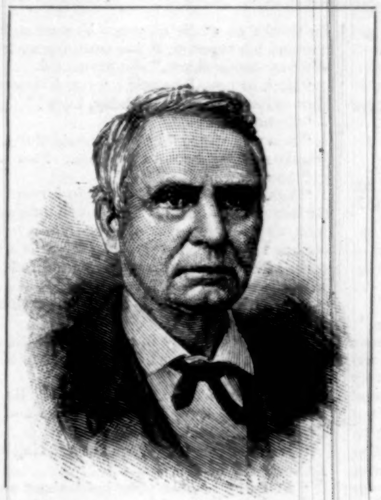
"What is going to be done?" asked **Theodore Reeves**, of Newark, of the engineer.

The latter made no reply, but rushed back through the fiery doorway, climbed upon the tender, and disappeared in the flames, although, fanned by the wind. the fire was burning more fiercely than before. The engineer's cab was completely enveloped. Nearly a minute passed, and then the train came to a stop on the bridge over the Hackensack River, and the passengers knew that the engineer had put on the air-brakes and reversed the engine. The train having come to a standstill, the flames now shot upward, and no longer concealed the tender. Those who stood nearest to the door saw a man's head in the water-tank on the tender. Two men rushed forward, and lifted out the engineer. He had jumped into the water to extinguish the fire that was consuming him, and was found leaning, weak and only half conscious, against the side of the tank. His clothes had been burned off, and his flesh was scorched on his body and legs. From both hands the flesh hung in shreds.

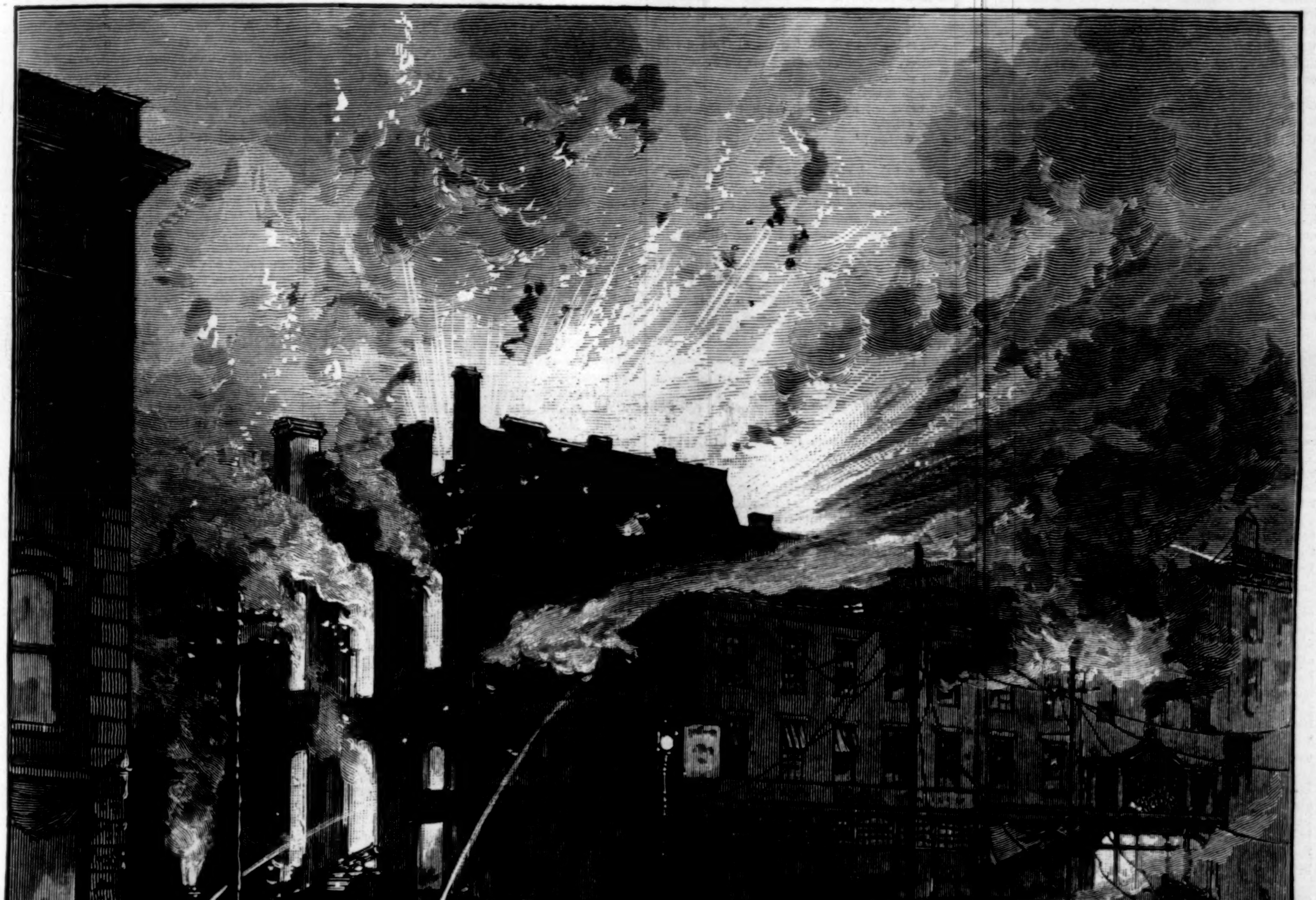
They dipped water in pails from the river, and put out the flames. Conductor **Whelpley** put **Seeds** on another train, and had him removed to Jersey City, where, notwithstanding the best medical attention, he died soon afterward. Passengers who witnessed his bravery were forced to tears as they praised his self-sacrifice, and spoke of the heroic act by which so many lives had been saved.



JOSEPH AUGUSTUS SEEDS.
From a Photograph.



THE LATE BISHOP PAINE.—Photographed by Carl C. Giers.—[See Page 711.]



THE BURNING OF THE PARK THEATRE ON THE AFTERNOON OF OCTOBER 30.
Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 708.]

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," etc.

BOOK THE FIRST

CHRONICLES THE GOOD INTENTIONS OF JOHN WOODHATCH, AND THE VERY BAD INTENTIONS OF GREG DORWARD.

CHAPTER XV.

FOR THE FATHER'S SAKE.

"I WANT to talk to you about Morris Brake."

Lucy had heard the words, and answered them, or partly answered them, but she was hardly certain she had heard aright. He had spoken very calmly, like a friend deeply interested in her, and as if solicitous concerning her next step even, but still so quietly, sitting there in his old place by the fireside, two or three yards away, and looking across the room at her. She had closed the piano, but had not risen from the music-stool; she was like a girl afraid to move, as she sat regarding him with two great wondering eyes. What was the next thing he would say? and ah! what a deal depended upon it! She might love or hate him very much within the next five minutes. Was he to be her friend or foe? He got up at last, and began to walk up and down the room, his hands crossed behind him, after his old fashion, his gaze bent downward, as though all he had to say was written on the carpet, and the lines were difficult to decipher. She retained her place, and with hands clasped together listened to him eagerly.

"Until the last three months, Lucy," he began, "I was weak enough to think you might in time be taught to love me; that from the child's affection for her father's friend would come presently some woman's love for him. I was not an old man, and you did not seem to care for other folk about you. I thought so, because you had learned to understand me through your father, who knows my life so well; because you were different from most girls; because you had never turned away from me on account of my awful past; because you believed in my repentance; because," he added, with a dryness at which a third party in the room, less deeply interested, might have smiled—"because I was an old fool!"

"But you said just now—"

"That I was going to talk to you of Morris Brake," he added. "Yes, I am coming to him now. You must not get impatient. This is only the preface, so that you should think—if you do not think so already—this man loves me, and will not advise me to anything which is not for my good."

Lucy's heart sank slowly. She could guess what was to follow now. He would be against her. There would be no one whom she could trust save Morris Brake.

"When I discovered your love for Morris," he said, "I was sure all was at an end as regarded any hopes of mine. And I tried to think it was well ended, Lucy."

"How did you discover—"

Again he interrupted her, as if he were afraid of some words which might escape her before he had finished his relation—as if he thought that something she might say or do would take him off his guard, and distract him from the lesson he had learned when he was in London, thinking it over. And Lucy knew he had been thinking, planning. For he had been only twenty-four hours in Skegs Shore again—had been extra busy with the details of his farming—and yet knew everything.

He had said so only a moment since, thought Lucy, and possibly there must have been spies abroad, and he had commissioned them to watch her. Oh, no, no!—she would not think so badly of John Woodhatch. Let her wait patiently for the advice which he thought it necessary to proffer her, before misjudging him so cruelly.

"I may have guessed rather than discovered everything," he said.

"No. You know everything. You have just told me so," she added, as he stopped and regarded her with a strange look in his eyes.

"Everything is a wide term," he replied, resuming his perambulations; "but I will tell you what I do know, Lucy."

"Thank you," she answered, softly.

"And it will not take long to tell," he added, grimly. "I know you love Morris Brake; that you meet him clandestinely, unwisely, and very often; that your father would as soon dream of your marrying Reuben Fladge as Morris; and that Morris is too weak and easy to make you a good husband, even if the time should come for his position to warrant him in asking you to be his wife."

"I shall be his wife," she answered, with a bright look on her face.

"I don't see how—I don't see when. Is he relying upon me?"

"No," she answered, very quickly, "he is not."

"That is as well, perhaps," he added, gravely; "he must not think to base his happiness on anything that I shall do to help him."

"He does not," she cried, with the color rising to her face. "You know how proud he is."

"Yes, I know all about him," was the low-voiced response, "and that he has not treated me fairly in this matter."

"But—"

"But," he interrupted at once, "I have no quarrel with him. I have lived too long with Morris, he has grown up too much like my own self, for me not to wish him well; but I have lost my faith in him, for all that."

"Oh, John, you must not judge him too hardly. He thinks so much of you. You must forgive him and me together, if you consider we have in any way deceived you," she exclaimed.

"Both or none," he said; "yes, I understand. How old are you next birthday, Lucy?"

"Eighteen."

"It is very young," he said, thoughtfully, "and you are scarcely more than a child. Poor Lucy!"

"And yet you thought—"

"Yes, yes; but I was an old fool, remember," he interrupted again, "and I was prepared to wait, to give you years of grace, until you were certain I was worthy of you. There is a difference. Morris would marry you to-morrow, if you would have him."

"Dear Morris—yes!" cried the enthusiastic girl.

"Without a penny in the world—without the chance of earning one beyond the range of Farm Forlorn."

"No, no, you are mistaken there. He has a chance, he— But do not let us speak of this," she urged. "I mustn't tell you."

"I am not curious. I am not thinking of Morris now, only of you."

"And why trouble your head about so weak and willful a girl as I have ever been? Oh, why do you?"

He stopped again to give emphasis to his reply.

"Because I am your friend," he answered.

"Yes, yes, I am sure of that; I am sure you will be. You have proved that in so many ways, and God knows I am not ungrateful," she murmured. "You have proved it even to-night by showing that you know my secret, and are keeping it for my sake."

"You must not expect too much from me in that matter," he said, resuming his walk.

"You will not betray me?"

"Why is it betrayal?"

"He must not know—oh, he must not know yet!" she cried.

"Your father?"

"Yes."

"I did not think you were afraid of him, Lucy."

"I am afraid of what he will say."

"Is Morris afraid too?" he asked, curiously, as he came to a full stop again.

"No; I am sure he would tell him all to-night if I would let him."

"That is honest. Why is my clever little girl, who is so dutiful and patient and trustful as a rule, more afraid of fair dealing than her lover?" he inquired.

"Morris is too sanguine, too impetuous."

"Well, yes. That is true."

"And father would not forgive us—as—as—had you been my father, I am sure you would—in time."

"In time—yes. But," he continued, "you expect me now to assist in deceiving the truest friend I have. The man I met first in Canada, and whose honesty made me honest. You expect me to do this?"

"For my sake," she urged; "for the sake of this one chance of happiness I have."

"Does no other reason strike you, Lucy?"

"N—no," she answered, hesitatingly.

"Say, then, for the father's sake; first of all, for his sake."

"Yes; I had forgotten," she murmured. "Pray forgive me."

"It would shipwreck his life to know you had deceived him, although he would drive his ship on the rocks with his own hands all the same," said John Woodhatch.

"Yes, that is it," said Lucy.

"What shall we tell him, then?" asked the farmer, once more beginning to tramp heavily up and down the room. Lucy did not reply. She sat with her hands rigidly clasped together, looking straight ahead of her, like a child wondering at the strangeness of the world into which, from the misty border-land surrounding it, she had suddenly emerged. A strange world indeed, wherein was nothing as she had thought it would be, and where the happiness was problematical. She did not see to the end so clearly as she had done; there were only the thorns and pitfalls now, which the flowers had covered yesterday.

Morris was there, of course, brave and confident, to hold his strong hand out to her; but the friends whom she had known longer than Morris Brake stood like dream-figures in the distance, receding slowly from her, presently to vanish away.

"What shall we tell him?" said John Woodhatch, for the second time, as he passed her slowly.

"I—I thought you were going to advise me what to do," she replied.

"Not knowing what is best for yourself?"

"Not knowing what is best," she whispered back.

"Are you prepared to give Morris up?"

"No, no."

"To make him no definite promise. To tell him to wait for your final decision until—"

"Do not misunderstand me, John," she cried. "I am always prepared to go to him."

"Then I am very helpless to advise you, Lucy."

"But my father—"

"I will tell him you have refused me; that," he added, with a strange, forced smile, "I am almost twenty years too old for you."

"And—the rest?" she asked, nervously.

"For a while I am silent."

"Dear friend, true friend," she cried, seizing his hand, which he had extended toward her. She would have raised it to her sweet young lips in very gratitude, but he held her hands tightly too, as if he would check so extravagant an impulse.

"For the father's sake, I have said already, Lucy," he replied, "not for yours. Try and think that."

"Very well," she answered, sadly.

"Presently I shall be less dazed," he said; "surer of the next step, and what *is* best."

"And then?" she asked.

"And then I will warn you, before I speak to him," he answered.

"Thank you. That is like your outspoken self."

"Like a hero, eh? Almost like poor Morris," he replied.

"Poor Morris!" she said, in a low, wondering tone again.

"Well, rich Morris. Rich in your affection," he answered. "There, go to your room. Good-night."

She rose at his bidding as a child might have done, and went slowly and noiselessly across the room. He walked with her to the great oaken door, which he opened for her, and stood back with bowed head, like a gentleman of the old school, she looking at him gratefully, sorrowfully, and yet a little fearfully, ere she passed into the broad stone passages without. There she paused, as if the impulse were strong upon her to return and say a few more words; but he did not perceive this.

He closed the door softly after her; then, crossing his hands behind his back, began again his restless, solitary walk, and tried to think it out, as in his time, and after this fashion, he had thought out—or thought he had thought!—so many abstruse problems of his life.

Was this harder and more complex? Was this beyond his finite reckoning, that the face shadowed more and more as he paced the limits of the room, and the broad heavy brow took deeper furrows to it as he walked?

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. AND MISS LARCOM SAY GOOD-BY.

THE next morning Mr. Alexander Larcom sought an early opportunity of an interview with John Woodhatch. He knew the farmer was an early riser, and he found him in the fields before breakfast, looking all the brighter for his bath. John was alone, too, and busy, or apparently busy, with a bright scoop of steel at the end of a long stick—a "spud" that was as handy in uprooting young thistles from his grass land as in cutting neatly off at the base any stray mushrooms he might meet by the way, and which he would carry back in his capacious coat pockets for Mrs. Chadderton's ketchup.

He looked up and laughed as the Methodist minister approached him. He had thought it all out last night, and which was the best part to play—and we, who are behind the scenes, can see he played his part well, and like a man. And if, after all, it *was* only a part—mere play-acting for the nonce—no one was particularly to blame, and only this man suffered.

"What did she say? How has it ended, John?" Mr. Larcom asked, eagerly.

"Haven't you seen Lucy?"

"Not since I left ye with her in the farm parlor last night" he replied; "and she has—of course—"

"Stop a bit," said Woodhatch; "your tongue rattles on at too great a speed, Alec. It always did."

"It's the practees it's had all its life, John," he replied, quaintly, "and I'm a bit anxious. Yes, to confess the plain truth, I'm a leetle bit anxious about all this."

"Don't think of it any more, parson," said John Woodhatch, laughing again; "I'm too old for her, and she knows it."

"And is that what ye're grinning about all the time?" inquired the other man, sharply.

"Yes," was the answer; "the folly of it all strikes me this morning plainly. Why, Alec, I frightened her! I was old enough to be her father. I was not fit for her in any way. Old, ill-educated, rough, countrified, snatched from the streets, from the jail, and the reformatory, what on earth was I thinking about when it struck me she was fit for me?"

"But—"

"Directly I spoke to her I was sure of my mistake," he returned. "Yes, Alec, I frightened her, poor child."

"And she refused ye?"

"She would not have had me had I been twice as rich and half as old. And," he added, with his hand on his friend's arm, "she was quite right. I see that now as clearly as Lucy."

"She will think better of it," replied the Methodist. "See, now, if she does not, John. She's a child yet."

"We will not worry about it any more, Alec. I am content."

"Ye're vary quickly settled in mind," said the other, sarcastically; "and if ye're speaking the truth, ye are as changeable as a wayther-cock."

"It is quite hopeless, and I give up."

"Wa'al, wa'al."

"She would have been unhappy with me, and I was thinking of her happiness," said John Woodhatch, not laughing now, "and *that* will always be my first thought."

"So it seems."

"Standing apart, I can be more her friend," he continued. "Don't you see that?"

"I don't see anything," was the blunt response.

"I don't want her to hate me," said John Woodhatch.

"There's something mair to turn Lucy against ye than I'm at the bottom of yet," said old Larcom, very shrewdly.

"I'm too old, that's all. And she's too young."

"And she has deceededly told ye that ye won't suit her?"

"Decidedly, and—wisely," was the reply.

"Vary wa'al, there's an end of it; but I didn't think my only child would have missed such a chance," he said, thoughtfully—"such a vary good chance."

"She will do better, Alec. You and I have planned and pottered over this, like two old fools, and without any thoughts of a pretty girl's fancies," he said, laughing again now. "She will find a young, handsome, *honest* fellow for a sweetheart, and will not begin life—the best part of life—handicapped with me."

"And if she alters her mind?"

"If she alters her mind, and without being worried by her father," he added, significantly, "why, here I am quite ready."

"That's fair, John. Yes, that's fair," said Mr. Larcom, "though why ye didn't take it mair to heart I don't see clairely."

"And now don't let us talk of it any more," said John Woodhatch. "I am not broken down; I shall be just the same; I shall see you more often, perhaps, and there's an end of it."

"Vary wa'al."

"And if you don't say a word to Lucy just now, I shall be glad."

"Vary wa'al," he said again. "But she's an obstinate lass—dreadful;" and after this Mr. Larcom dismissed the subject, and talked of the drive homeward that morning.

And shortly after breakfast the farmer's gig was brought round to the door, and there were general leave-takings, and a general turn-out of the farm folk to watch the minister's departure. Mr. Larcom was to drive his daughter home, and some one was to occupy the little back seat, in order to bring back the trap to the farm.

It was Morris Brake, spruced up for the occasion, who had looked forward to that happy privilege, and who was standing by the farmer's side ready and willing, and it was Mr. Larcom, more innocent and unsuspecting than John Woodhatch, who turned to the young fellow and said,

"Do ye come with us, Morris?"

Lucy, seemingly unconscious and indifferent, and already in her place in the gig, looked straight along the white country road, and did not say a word. Her heart sank, however, when John Woodhatch's deep voice said,

"Morris has to go in another direction this morning."

"I could work round to any direction afterward," suggested Morris, quickly.

"No. Quite impossible," was the calm reply.

Morris Brake looked angry and discomfited, but did not say another word.

"He is against me, after all," whispered Lucy to herself, although she knew by her father's words that John Woodhatch had kept her secret. She could have hardly expected he was going to assist in any further deception of the minister by allowing Morris to accompany them home, but she had not much time for calm reflection. She was going away from Farm Forlorn, where Morris was, and she was grieved, excited, and confused, and like a woman in the first sharp sting of a disappointment, tolerably unjust.

"I thought you were my friend," she said, in a quick low voice, as he stood by her side ready to say farewell to her.

"Yes; but not your confederate," he answered.

"I see. Forgive me; I am always hasty," was the soft reply. "But what cruel words you always say!"

"Cruel to be kind," he answered, almost lightly now. "Good-by."

"Good-by."

They shook hands, and Mr. Larcom got into the trap and took the reins.

"We shall be seeing something of ye soon, John," said the minister, as he shook hands also with the farmer.

"Ay, very soon!" was the reply.

"Am I to go?" asked Fladge, eager to take the back seat now, and possibly seeing a pleasant change from work. Indeed, so sure was Fladge of this, that he had put one foot upward in order to spring into the seat, when something in John Woodhatch's stern glance toward him led him to fall back with a scared expression of countenance.

"I can drive," said Greg, very confidently.

He had been standing at the door of the stack-yard, generally interested in the proceedings, and had found his way to Mr. Woodhatch's side.

"You can drive," repeated his master. "How's that?"

"I used to take the wood round in the reformatory cart to the shops, before—"

"Before you tried to drive away on your own account one day; is that it?"

"Yessir."

"I remember doing it myself, and wondering if any one would buy the horse of me," muttered Woodhatch. "Yes, go, Greg; you can't lose your way back—the road is as straight as a line."

"Is it safe?" asked a voice in the master's ear, and, turning, he found Mrs. Chadderton at his side. Greg had heard the inquiry also, and his bead-like eyes glanced from the housekeeper to the master, and back again.

"Yes, quite safe. I can trust Greg," Woodhatch answered, and Greg took his place on the back seat, and regarded Morris and Fladge triumphantly. There were fresh farewells, a nodding of heads and waving of hands, and then Mr. Larcom drove away with his daughter. The farm folk melted away by degrees, Mrs. Chadderton went back into the house, the sand from the road, which the wheels of the vehicle had stirred into thick clouds of dust, drifted away across the fields or settled on the hedge-rows, but John Woodhatch stood there, looking in the direction his lost love had gone, taking all light and life with her, and leaving him in a strange, neutral-tinted world.

Morris and Fladge were near him still, but he did not notice either of them until Morris was in front of him.

"Where do you want me to go, Mr. Woodhatch?" Morris said, pretty cheerfully now, although there was an aggrieved tone in his voice.

"I don't know," was the absent answer.

"You said I had to go in another direction," remarked Morris.

He looked at the young man before him. Yes, he was a young, bright, handsome fellow enough; why had he not noticed this before?

"Ah! in another direction, and far away from here, Morris," he said.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1346.

"For the whole day?"

"For your whole life."

Morris went back a step or two in his surprise, and John Woodhatch walked toward the house. Before he had reached the rustic wooden gate opening upon the garden path which led straight to the front door the master paused again.

"Come to me this evening at half past nine, Morris, will you?"

"I will," answered Morris.

"And you, Fladge, half an hour later, please."

"All right, sir. Ah! ha! oh, good gord, Morris!" he exclaimed, as John Woodhatch walked toward the house, "he has found it out; he knows it all! We are going away—we are going away!" he screamed forth.

"Well, what of that?"

"We are—"

"Hush! Don't make yourself a fool, Fladge," said Morris, sternly. "Let us wait and see."

CHAPTER XVII.

MASTER AND PUPIL.

At half past nine to the minute Morris Brake knocked at the panels of the parlor door. He was not a young man famous for punctuality as a rule; a disregard of time even had been one of his besetting failings, but he was anxious now to know the worst that was in store for him. The clouds had risen suddenly about his life, and here was a barrier in his way for which he had not quite prepared. It had always been one of the "possibilities," and to be reckoned for, but not at this period and in this sudden manner. He would have been glad to tell the truth in his own way and at his own time—just as he and Lucy had arranged to do—but time itself had forestalled him, and he was conscious, painfully conscious, that he should cut but a sorry figure in the light which John Woodhatch had suddenly turned on him.

Still, he was no coward; let him face it out, and then an end to it. There was something manly in the way in which he entered the room at the bidding from within, and came toward the master with unfaltering step, and an eye that flinched not at the steady gaze bent on him. John Woodhatch was sitting by the fireside, with his hands spread out before the flame. The autumn would be a short one, and the winter come earlier than usual across the sea, John Woodhatch thought, for there were signs of a cruel frost already, even in the room.

"Take a seat, Morris," he said, calmly, and Morris sat down facing him.

"We may as well get at once to business," said John Woodhatch, "and then discuss the matter of your conduct afterward."

"My conduct, sir," repeated the other, warmly.

"Ah! you need not lose your temper quite so quickly, Morris," said the elder man, sadly; "I may have harsher words to say in a few minutes."

"I will try and bear them," answered Morris.

"Yes, do," was the reply, "for you are headstrong and hasty, and see matters only clearly afterward."

Morris slightly inclined his head, either in assent, or as significant that he was simply listening.

John Woodhatch took a sealed envelope from his pocket.

"Here is your money, with something over to make up for your unceremonious departure, Morris. You will find it quite correct."

"Thank you. I am sure of that," and Morris put the envelope in the breast pocket of his coat.

"You will go away to-night, if you can, or tomorrow morning early," he added; "you will easily find a berth as farm bailiff, overlooker—anything. You are intelligent, industrious, quick, to be trusted in all business or money matters thoroughly. I can say as much or more than this for you."

"I shall not trouble you for a reference as to character," said Morris, quietly; but the composure was forced, and Morris had turned very white.

"As you please. You are well known within twenty miles round of Skegs Shore, and there are many who would be glad of your services."

"I am aware of it."

His listener simply nodded. He betrayed no astonishment, as Morris had expected. Nothing seemed to surprise Mr. Woodhatch, or else the future actions of his pupil did not in any way arouse his interest; and yet all that this young fellow did would affect forever the life of the girl to whom he had said good-by that morning. If he were surprised or disheartened, it was not on the cards that he should betray any emotion to Morris Brake.

"And now, having settled these business details, how long have you been in love with Larcom's daughter?" he said, after a little pause.

"Two years, perhaps."

"When she was not sixteen."

"Well, yes."

"And you think yourself worthy of her?"

"I do not think there is any one worthy of her in the whole world," said Morris, enthusiastically.

"I am glad you think so. I was of the same opinion once."

"Yes, I know," said Morris, in a subdued tone.

"She has told you," said John Woodhatch; "that is natural enough. All her hopes and fears were shared by you, and I was one of her fears. Natural enough, also, but you could both have trusted me earlier, without much danger, even with more safety."

"We were not afraid of your opposition, sir."

"Of Mr. Larcom's?"

"Yes."

"I might have advised you, although I am beginning to think my advice is not worth much, and other people's is much better," he added, with a short, hard laugh; "and that life altogether—such a life as mine is—is an utter failure."

"I hope not, sir."

"All that I set my hand to withers very quickly," said John Woodhatch, "and my efforts to do good become a weak and vain philanthropy. For years I have prided myself upon my knowledge of character, and now I am deceived at every turn. *You* have deceived me."

"No, sir, I can not think so. I am sorry that you do."

"It has not been a straightforward bit of business with me from the beginning; there has been nothing but deceit. You have told me many a lie to get to her—you have taught her to lie to get to you."

"Mr. Woodhatch!"

"Oh, it's true enough, and very pitiable, and yet only human nature in the shadows," said the master; "but it would have been as well to tell me all."

"That seems the grievance," replied Morris. "And yet there were so many reasons why we should not."

"Don't tell me them; I do not care to hear them. They would take too much of the conceit out of me," he said. "Where's Greg?"

It was a question that startled Morris by its irrelevancy, but he answered, "He has gone to his room."

"He has come back, then. Mrs. Chadderton was sure it was not safe to trust him. I was right for once, you see; and if Greg Dorward turns out the best of the lot of you, I shall not be very much surprised. And, by God! he can not turn out worse."

"We shall see," said Morris; "and at all events, I do not understand why I should be included in your flock of black sheep."

"No, no; you are a gentleman's son, and have all a gentleman's fine notions," said John Woodhatch, "and Greg comes from the thieves' dens and the dark streets, like his master. But I doubt if he would steal in and out of my house at all hours of the night, and get poor Fladge to watch for him, and play the spy, and make sure it was all safe before risking his own discovery."

"It is you who have played the spy on me, Mr. Woodhatch," cried the other, passionately now. "I have been watched, I see, and I know who it is whom you have set to watch me."

"Who?" asked Woodhatch.

"Mrs. Chadderton."

"A worthy woman, and faithful to her master," was the grave response. "Let us leave her out of the argument, Morris; it will be as well."

"Oh, she is another of your penitents, I know; but I ought to have been as wary of her as of you, or the rest of them. You are all from the jail; I am the only honest one amongst you. It was for my sister's sake, for Lucy's sake, I have stopped here so long," he exclaimed. "This is a reformatory, not a farm. What do I want to share this life for any longer? what is it to do with me?"

"Ay, we are from the jail, most of us; we do not disguise it," answered the other. "I was the first to call your attention to it to-night, remember, and you have only taken up the cue. And to rescue from the jail—to snatch at times some weak, erring soul from the very jaws of hell, is the duty, the penance even, which I have set myself. What duty in life is yours, Morris Brake, that you will carry out, or that, when it is fulfilled, God will say, 'Well done'?"

He was standing up now, with his eyes ablaze, and his lips set somewhat closely. Morris's passion died out at sight of his, and was changed into something very like remorse.

"Forgive me, sir, forgive me," he cried. "I did not mean to say so much as this, but you were very hard."

"I am a hard man."

"No, sir; very merciful, and with a great tolerance of human error."

"You are mistaken," he said; "I am very unforgiving."

"Why should you be so unforgiving to me?"

"I have told you."

"You have not told me all. There is something more in your thoughts against me to account for this. I am sure of it."

"I have told all that is necessary—at present."

"Mr. Woodhatch, this is not just to me," said Morris. "Have you told her everything?"

"Lucy, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"I said last night I knew everything; that was sufficient. She did not ask me what I knew, or I could have told her my love for her was too great to wound her by a word, and that I was trying hard to make the best of it all, and not think badly of her even at the worst."

"Ah, dear old master, you do not know everything," said Morris; "you have been told only half the truth, and Lucy, as I wished, has left the other half to me. You have misjudged us both; she is my wife!"

[to be continued.]

BISHOP PAINE.

The Rev. Robert Paine, D.D., Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, who died on the 19th of October, at Aberdeen, Mississippi, was an able minister and a refined Christian gentleman. He was born in Person County, North Carolina, November 12, 1799, and consequently was within a few days of being eighty-three years old. In 1818 he was admitted into the Tennessee Conference, and soon took rank, filling prominent appointments until 1830, when he was elected President of La Grange College, Alabama. There he remained seventeen years, until the first General Conference of the new Church South, in 1846, when he was elevated to the episcopacy. He had been a member of the General Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church five times, until the separation in 1844, owing to the action against Bishop Andrew. He was chairman of the Committee of Nine, whose report forms a memorable chapter in Methodist history. He was a member of the Louisville Convention in 1845, and at the first General Conference, in 1846, he was elected Bishop, and became the colleague of Bishops Soule and Andrew, formerly of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Bishop presided with much dignity, and was prompt, firm, and genial. Until recently his health has been remarkably good, enabling him to do full episcopal work in presiding at Annual and District Conferences. But in May last, having become quite infirm, he was obliged to cease his ministerial work, and retire to a quiet life for the brief time that remained to him. His *Life and Times of Bishop McKendree*, one of the earliest bishops, and colleague of Asbury, has proved a valuable contribution to Methodist history.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The rag-pickers of St. Louis have formed an association, one of the avowed objects of which is "to prove to the world that a rag-picker can be a gentleman."

Yellow, green, and white are the colors respectively of the first, second, and third class tickets on the German railways, and in accordance with a regulation recently adopted, the cars of the different classes are to be painted to correspond in color with the tickets.

Something new in the fall trade in fruits in the New York market is the sale of apples brought from the orchards of Missouri and Arkansas. It is claimed that this fruit is in every respect as fine as that raised in the famous fruit-growing regions of Western New York.

The oil refineries on the banks of the Charles and Mystic rivers have imparted to Boston oysters a flavor of petroleum which is not relished by the epicures of that city.

Big Ben, a buffalo with a history, passed away quietly in Central Park a few nights ago. He was not so old as Jumbo, and had not become an object of so much public interest, but he was perhaps the most noted buffalo in the United States. He was a little Ben when General Custer captured him at Smoky Hill in 1868. He grew to enormous proportions, however, after his captor had presented him to the city. He once served as a model to Ward, the sculptor, who pronounced him the finest specimen of the buffalo tribe he had ever seen.

A new farming experiment is to be tried in Northwestern Canada. A company has bought fifty-six thousand acres of land, which will be divided into farms of two hundred acres each. A stone house and stable will be built on each farm, and a man with a family will be hired, at thirty-five dollars a month and house rent, to work it. At the expiration of five years, it is promised, he will have the privilege of buying it at a fair valuation. The tract is two hundred miles from the nearest railway station.

That form of entertainment known as a six days' go-as-you-please pedestrian match has died a natural death. R. I. P.

The number of marriages taking place this year is unusually large. This is said to be a never-failing sign that the times are prosperous—notwithstanding the adage that misery loves company.

Arabi Pasha's tent, which was captured at Tel-el-Kebir, is in Portsmouth, England. It is a gorgeous affair, lined with silk and ornamented with bullion. It is closely guarded as one of the most interesting trophies of the campaign in Egypt.

According to accounts, the biggest blast ever exploded on the Pacific coast was less disappointing as a spectacle than the firing of the mines under Hell Gate some years ago, of which so much was expected. The blast was on the line of the California and Oregon Railroad. Six thousand pounds of blasting powder were used. A stream running near was thrown out of its bed for a distance of half a mile, and damage was done in the workmen's camp half a mile away.

The engineer of a Shore Line train stopped near a small Connecticut station on a recent night to learn what it was that came in contact with the locomotive and caused a perceptible jar. A dead crane measuring ten feet between wing-tips was found near the track.

Between the comet and earthquakes the negroes of the South are having very little peace of mind. In North Carolina recently an earthquake made the window-sashes rattle, and a loud rumbling noise was heard. The negroes, already disturbed by the comet's presence, took to the open fields and prayed for hours.

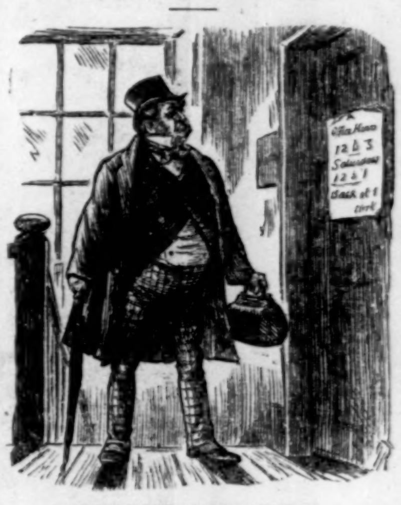
In the course of the campaign in Egypt a message was sent from the top of one of the Pyramids near Cairo to Alexandria, nearly a hundred and twenty miles away, by means of a heliographic mirror. At that distance the signals appeared "like pin points of brightness." The communication was a message from Sir Garnet Wolseley to the Khedive.

A thorough test as to the practicability of underground electric communication is to be made in Boston with telephone wires. Eight wrought-iron pipes, each four inches in diameter, are to be laid in a trench and surrounded with cement. The purpose of imbedding the pipes in cement is to protect the wires from moisture, which has interfered with perfect insulation in previous experiments. Several plans for the wires are under consideration. One of them proposes to have them covered with paraffine, and inclosed in a small lead tube. Another plan is to have the cable made of small conducting wires of copper wound with India rubber, and inclosed in an outer covering of galvanized wire. It is expected that an experimental line will be ready for service within two weeks.

Late one evening in the course of the recent William Penn celebration in Philadelphia, a resident was heard to say in a loud and rather husky voice that he "took no stock in Penn." When pressed for a reason, he explained that he had no admiration for "the man that swindled Pocahontas."

An Alpine tourist has recently made the ascent of the Dent du Geant, a peak that had been regarded as inaccessible. His method, however, seems almost like taking an unfair advantage of nature. For several weeks he employed two guides in cutting steps in the sides of the peak, and rigging ropes fastened by hooks and staples. When this work was done, the ascent was accomplished without difficulty or danger.

According to a recent decision in England, women can not be punished for poaching. The daughter of a notorious poacher having been arrested coming from the fields with all the paraphernalia of the craft about her, it was claimed that the act against poaching referred solely to men, and that women could not be punished under its provisions. The magistrates so decided. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says, "This decision opens up a new field of profitable industry to women; and if it should be upheld, the male poacher would soon become as extinct as the dodo."



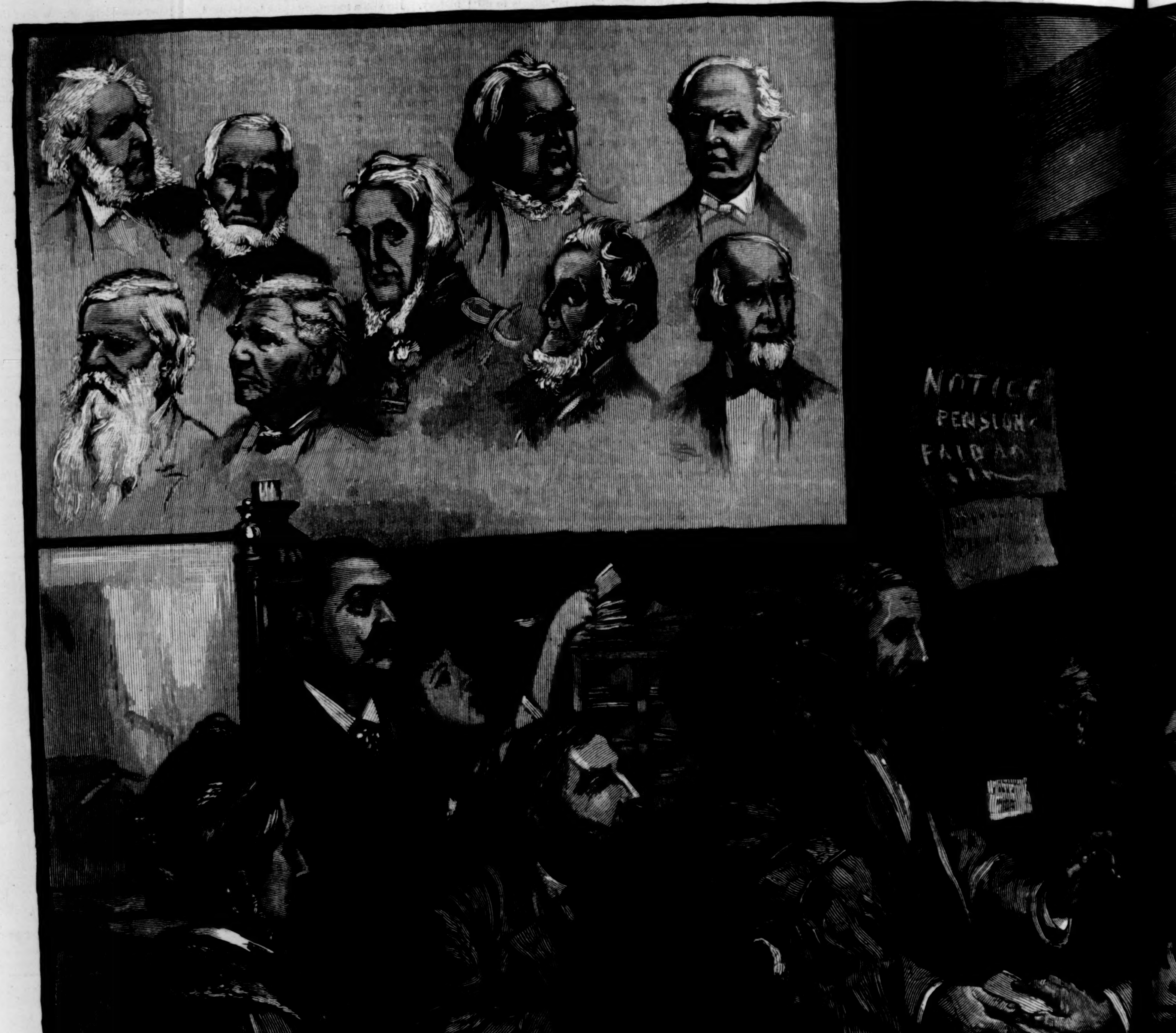
"WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY—"

Mr. Blazer, Q.C., returns unexpectedly to his Chambers in the middle of Vacation.

The superlative tramp of the world, says the New York *Tribune*, died near Sydney, New South Wales, a few weeks ago. He was Christian Frederick Schaefe by name, and by birth a Hessian. Though afflicted with a spinal complaint and a delicate constitution, he was a wanderer upon the face of the earth to an extent which the Wandering Jew never conceived of, and he must serve for all time as a model in his line. He never asked for or would accept money, saying that he had no use for it so long as he could beg food and clothes. It is supposed that he had walked more than 150,000 miles in making successively the tour of Germany, France, Spain, Northern Africa, Turkey, Italy, Greece, England, the United States, New Zealand, and Australia. Occasionally, when absolute necessity required, as, for instance, on shipboard, he would do a little work, but his apparent feebleness always excited pity, and saved him from hard labor. He was honest and harmless; thousands of people, the world over, thought kindly of him; when he fell sick he was tenderly nursed, and when he died his body received a decent burial. It is thought that he was a little wrong in the head, and his last days were spent in a lunatic asylum.

It is estimated by a Southern newspaper that the people of the South lost in the war only about one-fiftieth as much as they have lost since the war by speculating in cotton. The same paper declares that cotton is a curse to the South. This sounds strangely in a land where it was proclaimed twenty years ago that cotton was king on this continent.

A Nevada paper says that not one man in ten who made fortunes ranging from a quarter of a million to half a million dollars in the early days of the Comstock mines is worth a dollar to-day. "These men," it says, "were the most extravagant the world ever knew—even the Pacific coast Argonauts were parsimonious compared with them. They built the finest private residences, owned the best horses, and drank the highest-priced wines that money could buy. Many of them went to Europe, and astonished the Old World with their lavish expenditure of money. To-day the men who can proudly claim the possession of independent bank accounts as the result of their labors on the Comstock can be counted on one's fingers, and the men who were rich in the sixties are now reduced to nearly absolute poverty, and can be counted by the hundreds." It is the story of the California pioneers told over—only that the Comstock men had the advantage of the lessons in prodigality taught by the Argonauts.


NOTICE
PENSIONS
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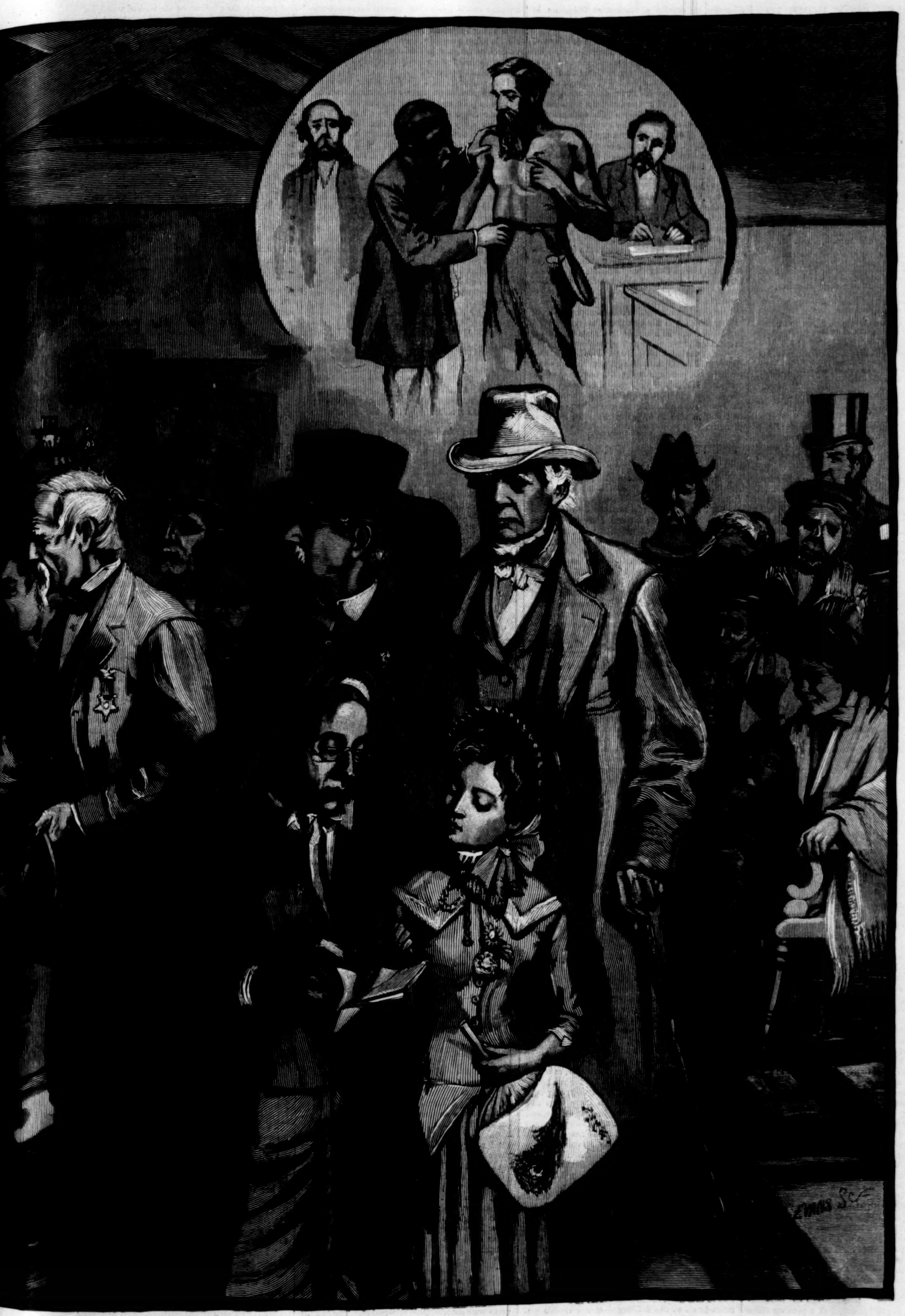
KELLY '81

THE NEW YORK PENSION A CY.—



Y.—Drawn by James E. Kelly.—[See Page 714.]

WANDERING FROM HOME TO HOME.

When swallows were building in early spring,
And the roses were red in June;
When the great white lilies were fair and sweet,
In the heat of the August noon;
When the winds were blowing the yellow wheat,
And the song of the harvest nigh,
And the beautiful world lay calm and sweet,
In the joy of a cloudless sky—

Then the swallows were full of glad content
In the hope of their Northern nest;
Were sure that the land they were tarrying in
Of all other lands was the best.
Ah! if they had heard in those blissful days
The Voice they must heed say, "Go,"
They had left their nests with a keen regret,
And their flight had been sad and slow.

But when summer was gone and flowers were dead,
And the brown leaves fell with a sigh,
And they watched the sun setting every day
Further on in the northern sky,
Then the Voice was sweet when it bid them "Go,"
They were eager for southward flight,
And they beat their wings to a new-born hope
When they went at the morning light.

If the way was long, yet the way was glad,
And they brighter and brighter grew,
As they dipped their wings in the glowing heat,
As they still to the southward flew;
Till they found the land of the summer sun,
The land where the nightingale sings,
And joyfully rested 'mid rose and song
Their beautiful weary wings.

Like swallows we wander from home to home—
We are birds of passage at best—
In many a spot we have dwelt awhile,
We have built us many a nest.
But the heart of the Father will touch our hearts,
He will speak to us soft and low,
We shall follow the Voice to the better land,
And its bliss and its beauty know.

Mary A. Barr.

PAYING PENSIONS.

According to the report of Commissioner Bentley for the year ending June 30, 1880, there were borne on the rolls of the Pension Bureau 250,802 names. This was a net increase of 8047 over the list of the year before. The effect of the Arrears of Pensions Bill has been to add many thousands of names to the quarter of a million recorded in Commissioner Bentley's time.

Among so great a number, a number greater than were ever enrolled in one army of the Union during the civil war—nay, a number greater than that of all the men who were arrayed on both sides in any battle of the civil war—it is clearly out of the question that any official scrutiny can avail wholly to prevent imposture. But no American will take shame to himself for the feeling which he shares with all his countrymen that it is better for the country to run the risk of now and then rewarding an impostor than to run the risk of failing in a single instance to pay the most sacred of its debts.

Of the 250,802 pensioners of 1880, 133,212 were disabled soldiers, 78,772 were widows, minor children, and dependent relatives of soldiers dead; 2060 were disabled sailors, and 1870 widows, orphans, and dependents of sailors.

The net increase of 8047 names in the pension list of 1880 over that of 1879 is the excess of 19,545 names of new pensioners and 1377 restored to the rolls over 12,875 dropped. The aggregate payment, in the year we have selected were $38,386,097 80, of which over $12,000,000 were for newly allowed pensions.

These are great figures for a country which has not for nearly eighteen years "been shaken by the shock of armed men." But as with all statistics covering large and complicated subjects, the details are full of surprises. The most surprising disclosure of these statistics of pensions—a disclosure, indeed, which seems almost incredible—is that there were in 1880 34,838 pensioners on the rolls charged to the account of the war of 1812, and that 10,138 of these were set down as actual survivors of that war, in which the last shot had been fired sixty-six years before. It is true that there is seldom any difficulty in collecting white-haired or hairless men to eat gratuitous dinners prepared for soldiers of the war of 1812, and it seems that the hospitality of the Treasury must be of the same liberal and indiscriminate description as that which is dispensed on a smaller scale by patriotic hotel-keepers. It is not recorded that the host in Scripture who sent out to summon the poor and the maimed and the halt and the blind received from them any of the regrets with which he was overwhelmed by his fashionable neighbors, and the pensioners of 1812 seem to be always with us.

Naturally the Revolutionary pensioners are rare. To set up as a Revolutionary pensioner is to defy incredulity and challenge investigation. The anti-centenarians will come down with fury upon the person who pretends to have borne arms in a war which closed a hundred years ago last summer, and probe him with questions which the more sensitive nature of the pension agent recoils from administering. The last survivor of the Army of Independence drew his last pension twenty years ago, and the only Revolutionary pensioner upon the rolls of 1880 was Catherine McIntyre, the widow of a Continental soldier. The oldest pensioner whose stipend is paid through the New York agency is Mrs. Effie Barmore, of Rockland County, who last September attained the age of one hundred and two.

There are thus still claimants upon the justice of the nation, actually or vicariously, the veterans of four wars. There is as much to stir the imagination in this fact as in the urns which incited that famous passage of Sir Thomas Browne celebrating the dead bones that "in a yard underground and thin walls of clay had outworn all the strong and specious buildings above it, and quietly rested under the drums and tramplings of three conquests." It is through the imagination that the scene presented at a pension office on a pay-day becomes most impressive, when an ancient and, let us trust, authentic veteran of 1812, who may have served a gun against the *Shannon*, or carried a musket at Chippewa, is succeeded in the line by a woman widowed at Antietam.

Pensions are paid quarterly, on the 4th days of March, June, September, and December, and on each of these days the pensioners begin to assemble at the New York agency in Canal Street before daylight, and hours before the clerks of the office arrive. When at last the doors are opened, the building is filled at once, and the business of the day goes on as rapidly as the unfamiliarity with business of some of the applicants and the infirmities of others will permit. The blind and the very feeble are admitted on quarter-days to the private office of the pension agent, and paid at once, instead of being obliged to wait their turns in the line. The agent in New York is Colonel Coster, himself a gallant soldier of the civil war, who on the first day at Gettysburg covered the retreat of our forces from Seminary Ridge to Cemetery Hill, and performed a service of equal danger and honor as commander of the rear-guard at Chancellorsville.

The Bureau of Pensions is a part of the Interior Department. Its agencies are established in Boston, Chicago, Columbus, Concord, Des Moines, Detroit, Indianapolis, Knoxville, Louisville, Milwaukee, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Syracuse, and San Francisco.

Our principal illustration represents a pensioner taking the oath of identity preparatory to receiving his check. In a smaller picture a surgeon is seen examining applicants for pensions as to the degree of their disability; and elsewhere a little girl is guiding the hand of her grandfather while he signs his name. Among the pensioners of the war of 1812 is the venerable Thurlow Weed, whose presence at the quarterly payments was always a support and comfort to the poor men and women who thronged to the office for their pittance.

THE FIRE-BOAT OF NEW YORK HARBOR.

Not least important in the Fire Department of New York city is the harbor fire-boat *William F. Havemeyer*, or, as she is officially known, Engine No. 43, N. Y. F. D. This fire-boat is a powerful steam-tug of 110 tons burden, and was built in 1875 by Wood & Dialogue, of Camden, New Jersey, by order of Fire Commissioners Perley, Van Cott, and Hatch. She is propelled by a low-pressure engine of 300 horse-power, and is one of the swiftest tugs in the harbor. She has made the distance from her berth—Pier 1, North River, close beside Castle Garden—to the foot of West Twelfth Street in twelve minutes.

For fire apparatus the *Havemeyer* is provided with two powerful Amoskeag pumps, capable of throwing 2000 gallons of water per minute. This immense volume of water can be thrown through ten separate lines of hose, or concentrated in one, from which it discharges with force sufficient to overthrow thick brick walls or tear down a substantial building.

An amusing incident in the career of the fire-boat happened a few years ago, upon her return from a short excursion down the bay, with a party of Western chief engineers of fire departments on board. An elevator in Brooklyn was on fire, and several tug-boats were throwing streams of water upon it. As the *Havemeyer* approached, with a view of rendering assistance, and at the same time showing the Western visitors of what she was capable, the tugs directed their several streams against her for the purpose of driving her off. Instead, however, of leaving, she turned two of her powerful streams upon them, and within five minutes had the field to herself, having completely deluged her opponents. She then went to work and subdued the fire, to the great admiration of her guests.

Her equipment includes nearly 5000 feet of the best rubber hose, some of which is three inches in diameter, the largest ever made, and a large assortment of nozzles, among which is a "Siamese," or double nozzle, and a "double Siamese," or quadruple nozzle. She is connected with the regular fire alarm of the city by a cable, which can be detached at an instant's notice, and with the several engine-houses by telephone. Her fires are never allowed to go out, and a constant head of fifty pounds of steam is maintained in her boilers. She is always clear of her berth within a minute after receiving an alarm, and has been cleared and got under way in thirty seconds.

The crew of fourteen men is commanded by Captain R. R. Farrell, who ranks with the foreman of a land company, and Lieutenant W. C. Braisted, who ranks as assistant foreman. There are also two pilots, two engineers, three stokers, and five men who act as deck hands, or, at a fire, as firemen. The duty is arduous, for all hands must sleep on board, and though they may take their meals at their homes, no more than two men are allowed to leave the boat at a time, and at fires the work is incessant and more prolonged than that of land companies. The reason of this prolonged duty is that as the *Havemeyer* uses salt-water, she is employed to drench out fires that come within her reach, in order that Croton may not be wasted. Thus, during the holiday season of last winter, she was stationed for ten days opposite the United States Storage Warehouse fire on South Street, during all of which time she kept a steady stream playing upon the smouldering ruins.

The fire-boat is expected to answer all calls along the water-front of either river within the city limits, and upon her arrival at the scene of a fire her captain reports to the Chief of Battalion in charge, and receives orders from him the same as a foreman of a land company. In addition to this duty, the fire-boat must be ready at all times to go to the assistance of any vessels getting on fire in the harbor, and, if necessary, must tow all vessels in dangerous proximity to the burning one to a place of safety, or tow away the burning vessel itself. On special occasions she has responded to calls beyond the city limits, once going as far as Tarrytown, and once, when the Hoboken firemen were on a strike, rendering valuable assistance in subduing a fire that broke out on the Eagle Steam-ship Company's pier, and saving much property.

It is estimated that the *Havemeyer* has saved from destruction property worth more than her weight in gold, and realizing her importance, and also her inability to respond to all calls made upon her along our constantly increasing line of water-front, the Fire Commissioners have ordered another fire-boat to be built. This new boat, now in process of construction, will be considerably larger than the *Havemeyer*.

The crew of the present fire-boat are an active, well-trained lot of men, who take great pride in their craft, and spend their spare time in burnishing her brass fittings, painting her wood-work, or in otherwise beautifying her. They have also on several occasions exhibited great personal bravery, not only at fires, but while lying quietly at Pier 1. There is no one of them who is not ready to spring overboard in answer to a cry of distress, and several persons who have fallen or been thrown into the water in this vicinity owe their lives to the brave crew of the fire-boat *Havemeyer*.

AUNT KERENHAPPUCH.

Among the pleasantest peculiarities of the Sharpe family were the frank and unreserved way in which they criticised each other, and the harmony of spirit which they displayed in the abuse of one who happened to be the richest of the tribe, and who chose to consider herself the chief. Aunt Kerenhappuch was her dreadful name.

Tom Sharpe had at an early age cunningly acquired the knack of pulling the family wires so as best to promote his own comfort, and foremost among his tricks was the vigorous denunciation of Aunt Kerenhappuch. He had never seen her, but that gave his imagination leeway, and rather added to than detracted from the animosity of his sentiments.

In the twilight of a June day Tom Sharpe stood on the threshold of his eldest sister's drawing-room. His three married sisters were in the bay-window, and from their gestures and inarticulate exclamations—evidences of well-bred feminine wrath—Tom surmised that his appearance was inopportune. He leaned against the door, fanning himself with his hat, for it was very warm, and said, apologetically:

"Good-evening, my friends' wives. Are my friends in the vicinity?"

"Why, Tom!" they cried in concert, and ran across the room to meet him.

As he entered the parlor they hung about him tenderly. They pushed him into the most comfortable chair, and with tragic air each uttered a vigorous descriptive phrase.

"The vicious creature!"

"The malicious wretch!"

"The horrid old monster!"

Tom was on the verge of laughing with unfeeling coarseness, but he restrained his mirth, and asked, innocently:

"What is the matter?"

It was plainly a melancholy matter, for Laura and Fannie looked at him in speechless grief, and it was left to Alice, the youngest, to take his hand caressingly and whisper, "Tom darling, it—is—Aunt—Ker-en-hap-puch!" The elder sisters nodded a gloomy confirmation, Tom whistled vulgarly, and after a moment's silence asked:

"What is her last crime? Has she personally conducted a slaughter of the innocents in her native wilds, or has she surprised two Arcadian lovers and strangled them? or has she—has she"— here he jumped up and showed animated consternation—"come to the city and sent her cards to the family?"

"Tom, she has written me a letter," said Laura, in a tone of deep woe.

"And me too," echoed Fannie.

"And me too," sobbed Alice, "and here it is—the nasty thing!"

She thrust an envelope of a strong yellow hue at Tom, who drew therefrom a sheet of foolscap covered with precise characters, and proceeded to read aloud:

"Spinster Grange, Vermont
(Sixty-one minutes by stage from Nineveh),
June 15, 1880.

"*Alice Sharpe, daughter of brother Job Sharpe:*

"What are you flying into a tantrum for? You *are* Alice Sharpe, brother Job's daughter. You have tacked on the senseless name of Warren. What is that to me? Nothing. Once a Sharpe, always a Sharpe. It gave me one turn to write Warren on the envelope, and I am not going to have another, if I do make you as mad as hops.

"I never wrote to you before—no. You have never laid eyes on me—no. You don't know the Sharpe traditions—no. How could you, with a flossy-haired doll mother? I suppose *she* never mentioned the peculiarly interesting Sharpe history; *she* never referred to our rather distinguished ancestor, Job; *she* never told how one son and three daughters of that potterin' old man, who never knew when patience ceased to be a virtue, being riled by the neighbors constantly making comparisons between them and their pa unfavorable to them, struck their tents and went West.

"It all happened some time ago, and brother Job's wife's memory was not first-class. Ever since then we have had three daughters and one son, and we have kept the sweet old family names up to your contemptible generation. The fault is brother Job's. I have done my part faithfully, and seen that the other two did theirs.

"What sort of a man was brother Job? Carried away by the glamour of the wicked world, he flew in the face of Providence, and named his boy—Tom. He gave his girls sugar-coated handles, instead of calling them right out Kerenhappuch, Kezia, Jemima, which the family expected. The girls flew in the face of Providence, and married. They are nothing to me.

"Then why do I write to you? I like to write, my dear. Literature is a family taste. Our great ancestor wrote a book. Since Kezia and Jemima organized the Society for the Perpetuation of Hand-sewing Circles, I have taken to literature. It soothes me. I am almost always mad. The Oriental original who wrote a book used up such a lot of patience that there has been none in the family constitution for several million ages.

"Alice Sharpe, you have a brother—a young man. I love him. I have watched him, at a decent distance, from his birth. He is a bad young man; he has all the uncommon vices common to his sort; he is thirty years old, and unmarried; he would die happy the last of the Sharpes. He must marry. I have fixed things. I have picked a wife. I will leave him all my money, and the family history which I am writing.

"The wife is my secretary. She is just out of a woman's college; she has had all the modern advantages, with the modern results—no soundness, no ideas, no character.

"Nephew Tom is to come here next week, get married the week after, and settle down at Spinster Grange, with me to keep house for him. Not every young man gets such a chance. I should write to him myself, but I never have demeaned myself by writing to a young man, and I am not going to begin now. Communicate my intentions to Nephew Tom, and mention that the spare room will be ready for him at nine minutes past 4 P.M., Wednesday, June 20, 1880.

"Kerenhappuch Sharpe."

Tom's gravity gave way, and he roared. Sisterly indignation was all lost, and at last, in spite of the ladies' vexation, they had to join in his laugh, and confess that the letter was supremely ludicrous. They were burning with curiosity to hear what Tom would do, and after tormenting them with evasive answers, he said: "I shall go. At nine minutes past four on Wednesday next I shall behold the fair Kerenhappuch, and occupy the 'spare room.'"

It was a lovely June afternoon when Tom Sharpe took the stage-coach at Nineveh for Spinster Grange. He sat on the box by the driver, and gleaned information about his aunt. He learned that "such another stuffy old gal" as K'happuch (so she was commonly called) was not to be found in the State, and he was disposed to accept the description without reservation. She was thought crazy on the subject of her family, but in other respects she was as clear as the west wind and as keen as the east. It appeared that she had "the devil's own luck, too." She sold a lot of cattle apparently sound, and the week after they were all dying of horn or mouth disease. She bought acres of barren land for a trifle, and the next year a railway company must have it at any price. She was as irreligious as a trapper, but made all her hands go to church with the regularity of the parson's wife. She had so badgered her sisters that they could find alleviation for their woes only in "perpetuating hand-sewing circles." In fact, no rural district ever boasted of a more marvellous eccentricity than was Miss Kerenhappuch Sharpe.

The coach stopped before Spinster Grange at five minutes past four, and as Tom climbed down from his seat the driver snapped his whip, and drawled, pensively: "Wa'al, sence you're a-goin' there, I'll be goldurned if I can tell whether she's mad or bad. If you find out, p'r'aps you won't mind lettin' me know return trip."

Tom alighted on a gravelled path between trim cedar hedges. He had a portmanteau in one hand and a light overcoat on his arm. He looked thoroughly vigorous and wide awake, and his lively blue eyes were full of excitement and curiosity. He ran up a broad flight of wooden steps, and lifting a highly polished brass dragon, gave three loud knocks.

The door flew open, and before him stood the tiniest woman he had ever seen. Her features were ridiculously small, her complexion fine and bright, and brushed straight back from her face was a mountain of shining white hair, absurdly out of proportion to her diminutive figure.

Tom stood with his hat in his hand, saying,

"I am Tom Sharpe. I have the honor of addressing—"

"I am Kerenhappuch Sharpe. Don't faint, Nephew Tom. What *is* there out of the way about me?"

Tom was staring at her in open-eyed wonder. He had thought that this Watteau head with the Puritan figure might belong to a visitor, or to one of the "perpetuators"; even the possibility of the secretary without character, represented by his amiable aunt as young, occurred to him. But that this should be the bugbear of his childhood, the object of so many savage attacks—Aunt Kerenhappuch herself! Well, for a moment he lost control of his facial expression. As the echo of her trumpet-like tones died away he stooped to kiss her polished cheek, but she skipped aside like a ballet-girl.

"None of that, Nephew Tom. I never have been kissed by a young man, and I don't intend to begin now."

"Then at least you will shake hands," he said, in a timid, propitiatory way.

"Nothing of the sort. At funerals I shake hands all round—it is a solemnity. When we have the pleasure of burying a relation in company I shall shake hands with you."

Tom muttered a sheepish apology, and Miss Kerenhappuch, waving a straight little arm, said, in a voice which Tom thought might echo in Nineveh, "Go upstairs to the spare room, first door to the right. It is exactly nine minutes past four. You have one virtue."

Tom picked up his traps, and without a word obeyed. If he had not already been startled out of his wits, he would have been surprised on opening the first door to the right, but as it was, he only derived a soothing sensation from the freshness and light and color of the room, and from the fragrance of sweet June flowers blown in through the open windows. He deposited portmanteau and coat on a chair, then stood still for a moment thoughtfully studying his boots. A smile parted his lips and lighted his eyes, and a hearty masculine laugh rang out over Spinster Grange. "I have begun by being afraid of her. That will never do."

With this reflection he looked about, making a more minute inspection of his surroundings. He found himself in as complete a bachelor apartment as if his hostess had spent her life in devising comforts for wicked young men. He made his toilet, lit a cigar, and threw himself in an adjustable chair by the window. The prospect before him was the perfection of peaceful beauty. On the slopes were field after field of new-sprouting grains, and what Tom supposed were vegetables—he was not too familiar with vegetables in the natural state. Through the valley a lazy river ran, and groups of graceful elms cast fantastic shadows on the wide green intervale. Far off he saw the sombre peaks of the mountains, and over all the bluest of skies with delicate clouds floating by. His eyes wandered over the scene, but his mind was wholly occupied with the wonderful lady of Spinster Grange. He tried to recall his preconceived image of her, but the effort was useless, for, having seen the reality, the ideal Aunt Kerenhappuch had vanished into the night. Very soon he became restless and impatient. He supposed he was to stay upstairs until she sent for him, and he supposed too that it was part of her scheme to keep him waiting, knowing that he was devoured by curiosity to go down and explore.

He answered a sharp tap at the door with alacrity, and beheld a woman taller than himself. She turned her back to him, and said, in a careless nasal drawl: "Guess you'd better go down. Guess you'd better not keep Miss K'happuch waitin'."

Tom ran down-stairs, and almost fell over his aunt in the hall. She sniffed the air, and then averted her head, holding her nose.

"Get right out-of-doors, Nephew Tom. Throw that vile thing away. Go round the garden once, and pick a bit of old-man. Quick! Do you hear?"

Tom, observing that he still held his cigar, rushed to the door, and flung it far. He made a hasty circuit of the garden, plucking recklessly on all sides.

"I never heard such a voice," he thought; "it is like a cymbal, it clangs so, and it is like a cannon-ball, for it sends a fellow spinning."

Returning to the house, hot and out of breath, he found Miss K'happuch in a large front room, furnished with the luxury and appropriate detail which characterized his own. Beside her stood two gaunt women, clothed in gray, with close black caps and long whitish-brown curls dangling over hollow cheeks. On a table was a silver tray holding four delicate glasses filled with a rich red wine which Tom thought might be port.

He advanced, holding out his miscellaneous collection of leaves and flowers. "I beg your pardon, Aunt Kerenhappuch. I will not smoke again."

"Yes, you shall," she said, picking among his offerings with fingers resembling a canary's claws—"yes, you shall, Nephew Tom, in your own room or in the woods. But don't come near me without a bit of old-man, that's all. This is old-man. Smell of it."

She held a bit of feathery green stuff as near Tom's nose as she could get it, and he inhaled the exhilarating odor, wondering how in the world any one could prefer that to a good Havana.

"You must excuse my deplorable ignorance. I did not know. My opportunities have been limited."

"Limited! As if the opportunities of brother Job's wife's boy could have been extensive! Kezia! Jemima! This is brother Job's boy. Look at him!"

The bony old women jerked their eyes at Tom as if thrilled by an electric shock.

Two feeble voices piped out: "We are very glad to see brother Job's boy, we are sure."

Tom afterward found out that Kezia and Jemima never used the singular personal pronoun. He fancied that they had adopted the plural because it seemed to offer a bold resistance to their tyrant. Gentle pity stirred his heart. He resolved to show the little vixen that she had now a man to deal with, and he held out a hand to each of his inferior aunts, murmuring his cordial regards for them. They feebly wagged their straggling curls.

"No, no; we never shake hands."

"No, no; we never shake hands," came in shrill burlesque from Miss K'happuch. "Nephew Tom, your health. Kezia! Jemima! Brother Job's boy's health."

She pushed a glass to Tom, raising one herself. Kezia and Jemima joined hands.

"No, Kerenhappuch, we can not. We are your sisters, your younger sisters. Where principle is not at stake we obey cheerfully. Here principle is at stake. No spirits, no strong drink."

Miss K'happuch winked at Tom, and touched her glass to her lips, while Tom drained his, smiling at the principle which exaggerated this harmless liquid into "strong drink."

Miss K'happuch set her glass down sharply, and whirling across the room, took up an old-fashioned minute or sand glass.

"Nephew Tom, have you any principles?"

Tom, thus pounced upon, was obliged to confess that he feared he had not, but indeed he was not to blame—circumstances—his century.

"Don't apologize. You are likely to be of some use in the world. I have no principles, and I am a century ahead of you. Do you see these shifting sands, marking progress as they fall? Do you see those grains lying still, no earthly use though they lie there a thousand years? The shifting sands are I, of my century, you and all like you, of yours—the moving spirits of the age, the useful members of society. The stupid, sleeping sands represent people of fixed principles, mostly perpetuators of hand-sewing circles. Nephew Tom, your health, I say, in the family currant."

With a wicked, nipping laugh she skipped across the room again, and drank her toast with relish. Kezia and Jemima, heaving profound sighs, went hand in hand from the room. Miss K'happuch turned on her heel and fairly pirouetted into a chair with a low wicker seat, and a high narrow back looming above her head. She crossed her hands and feet, and cast down her eyelids demurely.

"Sit down, Nephew Tom, and let us talk business."

Tom was drawing a chair beside her, but she waved him off.

"No—over there," indicating a remote corner. "If you were a young man of principle, I should order you to sit on the veranda, I should keep you in the hay-loft; indeed, I should not have asked you here at all. But I have watched you; I know you; and still, unprincipled as you are, I prefer the length of the room between us."

"But I assure you I am not the 'ne'er-do-weel' you please to picture me," said Tom, speaking for the first time naturally, and beginning to feel at home with her. "I am, on the contrary, a well-conducted, orderly man of business."

She shook one of her skeleton fingers emphatically. "I suppose you think I'm green about young men. I dare say you think I'm a fool. What are you good for, anyway? Take the career of any one of you—I am particular about one, because considering more than one would send the top of my head flying off with rage—the career of any one, I say, is a frightful illustration of depravity. But where is the good in Wisdom's crying herself hoarse from the gates to such? My rule is, take 'em as you find 'em, and sit on the other side of the room. Nephew Tom, cast your eyes out of the window, and state your objections to inheriting all that you see, back to the mountains, with a trifle in four-per-cents, and odds and ends in sound railroads besides."

Tom strolled to the window and surveyed the landscape leisurely.

"Every prospect pleases, and the most unprincipled young man could not desire more."

"Especially if it came from an ancient relative who had never held out expectations, and who did not care whether you wore a four-inch hat-band or none at all?"

"As an unexpected pleasure is proverbially the greatest—yes, I think that under such circumstances the windfall would be doubly dear."

She laughed in her snappy, dry way.

"Nephew Tom, when your grandfather died he left a very small pot of money to his three daughters, and I, being the eldest, came in for the homestead besides. Brother Job waived his rights—jackass! My dear little sisters buried their treasure in the Nineveh Bank, and have eked out an existence on the interest accruing. I have speculated since I was twenty years old. I have been at it off and on for forty years—pretty—generally—lucky. I have made a will, and left my trifling earnings to you. All would have gone to those who ought to have been Kerenhappuch, Kezia, Jemima. But they have made their beds, there let 'em lie, poor as our glorious ancestor's proverbial fowl. My only condition is that you marry this day week, and settle down at Spinster Grange. Done—say, Done!"

"It seems easy. Who am I to marry? Your nonchalant help, or Aunt Kezia, or Jemima, or can it be yourself?"

"Don't be a fool. Of course she is a young woman, a girl, a softy without intellect, force, character. Do you think I don't know the food that tickles a bad young man's palate? I picked her out of a hundred at Nineveh College. She has no connections and no money. She wanted a situation as an old woman's secretary or a young man's wife, though she did not advertise for what she wanted most—the last. I told her my intentions yesterday. Say, done, Nephew Tom."

"What did she say when you told her?"

"Exactly what you would expect from a girl—nothing original, nothing new. 'Madam, I agreed to write for you for twenty dollars a month and board. New requirements may be stated when our present engagement terminates, June 30. I will consider them.' Any ninny could have said that."

"Yes, oh yes," Tom assented, slowly. "Has she a name?"

"Two of 'em—Blanche Endicott."

"Where and when is she to be seen?"

"In the library at this minute. And there is Jabez with the chaise. I am going neighboring for an hour. We dine at seven. Surprised? Yes. My sweet young sisters take dinner at twelve. I would too if it were not a fixed principle. Good-by."

She whisked into the hall, and Tom followed her. She stood on tiptoe, and jumped at a bonnet hanging on a peg.

"Let me," said Tom, and took down the bonnet.

Her face flushed scarlet. "Put that back, Nephew Tom. I have been high enough to reach it all my life, and I'm not going to begin to be too low now."

Tom laughed, but hung the bonnet on her cushion of hair, and said she looked remarkably picturesque. She shook her large green umbrella at him, and told him to keep such stuff for the library on the east side round the veranda.

Tom was now going to see the secretary. Since hearing her reply to his aunt, he had felt some curiosity about her.

She might be the incarnation of virtues or vices, but considering her way of taking what he stigmatized as a "brutal proposition," she was clearly neither commonplace nor a fool.

As he lounged down the veranda he was making up his mind that if the secretary should have enough self-possession to treat him as if he were not party to the "brutal proposition," which he was not, he would stay at Spinster Grange until his aunt's madness or badness ceased to amuse him. The secretary was sitting at a table littered with MSS., close by a window.

Tom saw at a glance that the girl was lovely, and he smiled at this additional proof of his aunt's shrewdness. He stood where he could watch her without seeming to, and waited for her to notice him. Presently she looked up straight at him, catching him in the act of stealthily staring at her.

"May I trouble you to stand somewhere else, Mr. Sharpe?" she said. "Your shadow falls on my paper."

Her voice was light and clear, and her look direct. Tom's first thought was: "I may stay as long as I please. No trouble from this quarter."

He came forward, saying: "Miss Sharpe has left me on your hands, Miss Endicott. May I not stay here?"

"Of course. The view is better on the other side, but if you prefer to, stay here."

He showed his preference unhesitatingly by stepping in the window, and taking a chair opposite Miss Endicott. She at once resumed her writing. Tom gazed out at the trees, and thought of the eccentricity of his aunt, and the gray eyes and fine profile of her secretary. At six o'clock she gathered her papers together, saying that her day's work was done.

"What in the world is all that scribbling about?" Tom asked, point-blank.

"It is the history of the Sharpe family, by Miss Kerenhappuch, which I am revising and copying," she answered, with the gravity fitting such an important announcement.

"And do you mean to say that you sit here all these lovely days over such stupid nonsense?"

"You are altogether wrong about the book. It is one of the most entertaining and exciting fictions I have ever read. I hope I shall be able to finish it. Good-afternoon, Mr. Sharpe; I am going to walk."

She took her hat, and went out the window; and Tom, standing looking after her, thought what a pity it would be if his coming should in any way interfere with the completion of this delightful romance.

If he could persuade his aunt that Miss Endicott was a necessary factor in the production of a perfect family history, she might keep the girl at Spinster Grange even after she knew that he would not ask her to become its second-hand mistress. He laughed as he thought of the scorn with which the young secretary must regard the matrimonial crotchet of a crack-brained old woman, and he pictured her lofty dismissal of the man who would dare to ask her to further the scheme.

The party at dinner consisted of Miss K'happuch, Miss Endicott, and Tom. The hostess was in high spirits, and, adroitly led on by Miss Endicott, rattled off all the gossip heard during her hour's visiting.

Tom, wondering how his aunt could be so blind to the intellectual merits of her secretary, half doubting whether the blindness were not an ironical assertion, felt that he never had enjoyed a dinner more in his life.

The week slipped away rapidly. Tom seemed to become indispensable to his aunt, and though he was to marry Miss Endicott, clearly Miss K'happuch was to be the object of his devotion. He was not consulted about her investments, but he was let into all her secrets, and shown how to take advantage of the world's stupidity and credulity. He was walked daily over the farm, and instructed in the paying rotation of crops and infallible methods of testing cattle. He was even permitted to take the place of Jabez in the chaise, and receive lessons in the art of balancing an umbrella. He was wholly absorbed by his aunt, who seemed to take it for granted that he had said "Done," and he wrote not a word to his three married sisters, though he received a long letter of sympathy and advice from each of them daily.

His acquaintance with Miss Endicott did not progress. Having analyzed her beauty at his leisure, he was all the more sure of it, and he was every day more impressed by her cleverness. He thought she was proud and independent, and he suspected that she was cold and unsympathetic, in the unassailable New England way. Not that her personal characteristics were of any importance to him, yet as the week drew to a close he meditated on little else. On Tuesday morning, being restless, he got up early, and stepped out on his window balcony to take the morning air.

He was idly planning to inveigle Miss Endicott from the slavery of the pen for an hour or so, in order to walk in the woods with her, and dissipate any idea she might have that he had ever given the "brutal proposition" serious consideration. He did not care much about Miss Endicott's private opinion, but he objected to being regarded by any woman as mean and dishonorable. He looked long over the meadows and hills, and down by the river where the mists were curling up he descried Miss Endicott.

She was walking up and down in the long grass, which he thought was foolish, for she could not fail to get her feet and skirts wet. Sometimes she seemed to clasp her hands together, and then she threw out her arms forcibly, and once she shook her fist at the closed shutters of Miss K'happuch's bedroom window. Then, as if this threatening gesture had relieved a great deal of emotion, she came swiftly toward the house. Tom now saw that she was rubbing her eyes with her handkerchief, and, O woe! the red eyelids and swollen face told that this cold, unsympathetic New England damsel had been crying bitterly.

Tom had an impulse to step over the balcony and dry her tears, but instead he discreetly withdrew, and lowered his shade, and shut out the morning light and the sweet cool air, and Miss Endicott in her newly revealed character.

One revelation was speedily followed by a second, and before Tom could decently go down-stairs (his unprincipled aunt breakfasted at nine o'clock) he knew that the worst misfortune had befallen him—he was desperately, hopelessly in love with his aunt Kerenhappuch's secretary.

The misfortune was not so much that he was in love with her, as that he could not tell her so without laying himself open to a most degrading suspicion, without appearing to be the willing puppet of his impish relative. This difficulty of misunderstanding he might have overcome, but behind it lay the certainty that Miss Endicott would receive a declaration from him as a grievous insult. There seemed no course open to him but to beat an ignominious retreat from Spinster Grange. At breakfast Miss Endicott looked a little paler than usual, but was animated and cheerful. Tom was not deceived; she could cry, she could feel, she could hate her unrighteous tormentor, and that was enough for him.

Miss K'happuch was in one of her wickedest moods; she sneered and scoffed at everything, secular and sacred, and after breakfast she whispered to Tom: "To-morrow, Nephew Tom, to-morrow. I am going right into Nineveh to fix things up."

She set off for Nineveh in high glee, and Tom was left to improve the time with Miss Endicott. As it happened this morning, she worked in her own room, and Tom strayed about the farm alone, believing himself the most miserable of men.

Miss Endicott came down to lunch, but obstinately resisted all temptation to roam in the woods or float about the river, on the plea that she could not desert the "Sharpe family," at present in heart-rending tribulation. They were standing at the foot of the stairs, and she held a bunch of wild roses which he had gathered for her. She was looking so sweet and young in her airy summer dress that Tom cursed his fate, and made a desperate effort to detain her.

"I am going away this evening," he said; "and do you object to telling me your opinion of my precious aunt, Miss Kerenhappuch Sharpe?"

"Not at all. I think she is a very extraordinary person, often cruel, never kind. Sometimes I think she is crazy, and sometimes I am sure that she is not."

"Is that all?" asked Tom, looking up at her, a few steps above him, as if he expected a disquisition of an hour's length.

"That is all," she said, giving him a direct glance. "And I may tell you, too, that I hold no one else responsible for her eccentricity, whatever form it may take. If you are going this evening, I shall not see you again. Good-by."

She held out her hand, and Tom stooped and kissed it. The color flew to her face, and she ran upstairs, leaving him there more wretched than ever.

He felt that he had better not see his aunt again, for if he should, there must be a scene, which could not result pleasantly. He went to his room, packed his portmanteau, and wrote two letters—one to his aunt, which ran in this way:

"My dear Aunt,—I am unexpectedly recalled to the city, and must catch to-night's train. I regret being obliged to leave without thanking you for your kind hospitality. It is my hope that the acquaintance, which ought to have begun thirty years ago, may continue uninterrupted. I shall write to you from New York, and hope to hear from you frequently.

"Your devoted nephew, Tom Sharpe.

"Spinster Grange, *Tuesday afternoon.*"

The second effusion does not bear transcription, for it was a love-letter to the secretary. It contained Tom's city address, and ventured an entreaty that, should Miss Kerenhappuch, enraged by the failure of her "diabolical scheme," dismiss the secretary, she, the secretary, being, he understood, friendless, would not hesitate to apply to him for the aid she might ask from a brother.

Tom felt the feebleness of this clause, but there was no other straw to clutch.

In an hour he had turned his back on Spinster Grange, and was walking to Nineveh. He lurked in a hedge when he caught sight of his aunt's returning chaise; and as it whirled by he saw her expression of triumphant malice. He could have hurrahed out of pure delight in the disappointment awaiting her at home.

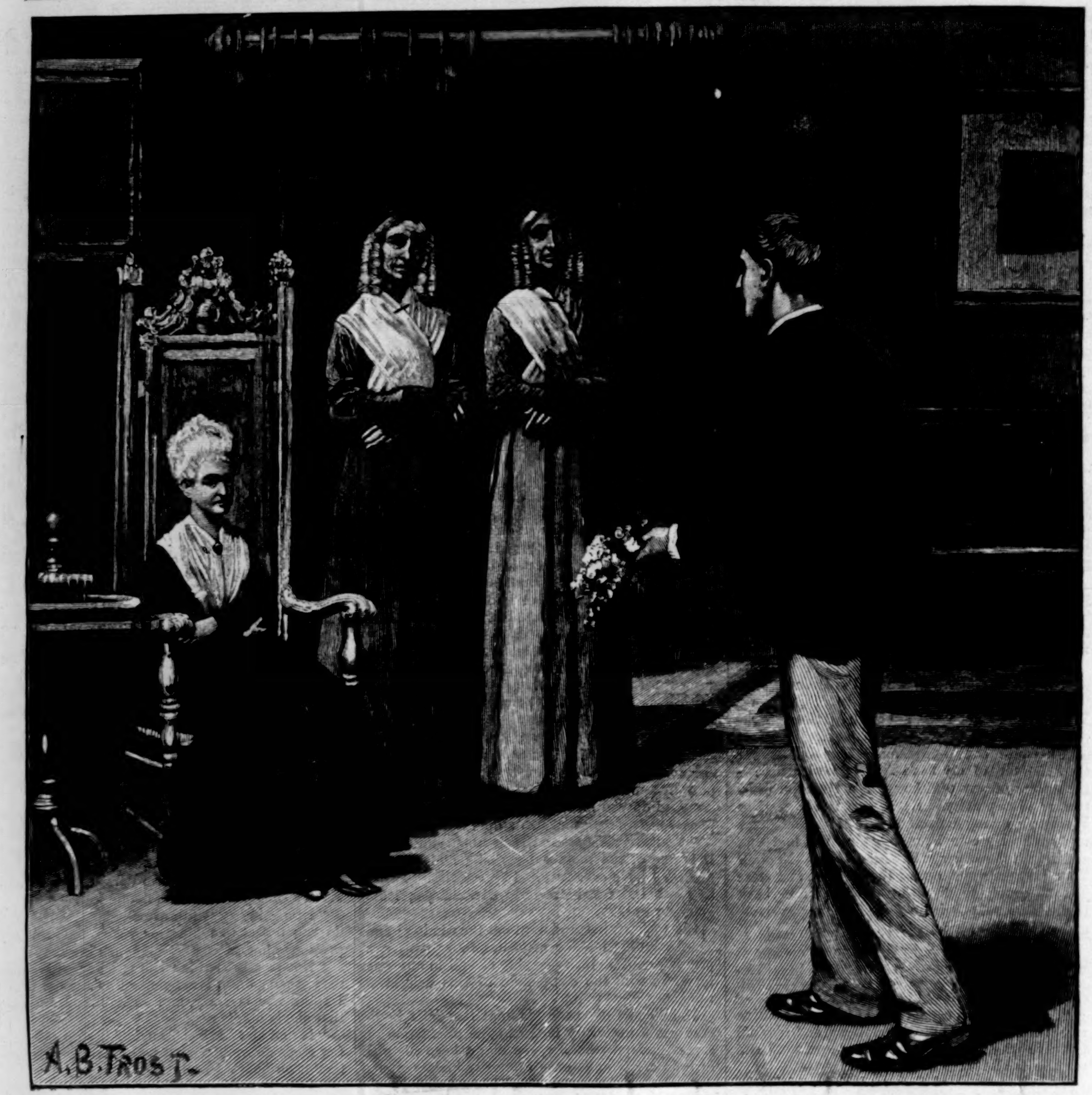
Arrived in New York, Tom regaled his sisters with wonderful stories of his experience, and he summed up Aunt Kerenhappuch in the vernacular of the Nineveh stage-coach driver: "Whether she is mad or bad, I'll be goldurned if I can tell."

Of the secretary he could only say that she was a lovely girl and clever; and as for the matrimonial project, he pooh-poohed that, and laughed at the way he had stolen a march on Aunt Kerenhappuch. So the sisters, being joyful over Tom's return, and being in a flurry of preparation for the sea-shore, soon dropped the affair, and left Tom in peace.

A letter was at once dispatched to Spinster Grange; for Tom was eager for news of the secretary. After a fortnight's delay came a characteristic epistle from Aunt Kerenhappuch:

"Spinster Grange, Vermont.

"Mr. Tom Sharpe,—I renounce you as a nephew, and I scorn you as a friend. This is my first letter to a young man, as it shall be my last. He will have reason to remember it all the days of



"NO, NO! WE NEVER SHAKE HANDS."

his worthless life. It cuts him out of a clean half-million. I have begun the erection of a home for women, who, before entering, must take vows of celibacy binding as those of a convent. I give the institution everything—house, lands, money. The women are to be trained as missionaries to go forth and preach a crusade against young men, and to lecture on the Sharpe family.

"I have rated that minx, that essence of namby-pambyness, soundly, paid her a month's salary, and sent her packing. She is alone in the world. She will come to a fine end.

"The acquaintance, which ought never to have begun, shall never be renewed. KERENHAPPUCH SHARPE."

One sentence fixed itself in Tom's mind—"She is alone in the world."

From that moment life had only one object for him—to find the secretary. After that he had no definite idea, but at present the thing was to find her.

Every means that ingenuity could devise were employed. Experienced detectives scoured Nineveh and vicinity, invaded the seclusion of Spinster Grange, spent a small fortune and three months in the search, but with absolutely no result.

Tom lost his interest in work, lost his spirits, and lost his appetite. Two of his married sisters said to their husbands that he was fast becoming a "crusty old bach," and that they wished he could fall in love with "some nice girl."

Summer wore into autumn, and the detectives, having practically given up the case, were passively waiting for clews.

Tom began to suspect that he must try a radical change of scene and occupation in order to escape the condition of a monomaniac. He argued on one side that little good would come to him personally even if he did find Miss Endicott, for she had his address and his proffered friendship, and she ignored his existence. But the other side of the argument was far stronger. "Let me but find her. Give me a chance with her, free from the curse of that horrible old woman's absurdity, and we shall see." For, after all, Miss Kerenhappuch's nephew Tom was the member of the family most like her, with all her restless energy, which brooks no opposition, and is slow to acknowledge failure.

As it happened, the youngest sister and her husband were going to Europe for the winter, and Mistress Alice had set her heart on Tom's accompanying them. She did battle for him bravely with Laura and Fannie. She knew he was neither "cross" nor "crusty." She was sure he was ill, needed change, and needed to be under her matronly wing. He must go. Tom half consented—he wholly consented—but was so gloomy about it that Alice feared some dreadful disease must be creeping to her dear Tom's brain. However, Tom made his business arrangements sanely enough for a three months' absence, and instructed the officer in charge of the Endicott case to cable him the slightest development.

One dull dusty November morning he turned the key in the door of his apartment. His apartment was the first floor of a large old-fashioned house on North Washington Square. It had been his father's house and his, but when the girls married, he sold it. It was rented in suites, and even single rooms, he knew, and the first floor he retained, with many of the surroundings of his childhood. Having somewhat reluctantly turned the key, he went slowly out and down the broad white steps. A carriage, with his trunk strapped behind and his small luggage occupying one seat, was waiting with open door.

He stood on the steps, and looked over the Square. How desolate, how dirty, how cold! Where was she, and where would she be, through the wretched winter coming so fast? He regretted his promise, and would fain have broken it at the last minute.

Wanting some money for the porter, he put his hand in his pocket. "Confound the thing!" he exclaimed; "I have left it on the table."

He meant his pocket-book, and thought his forgetting that was an evidence of softening of the brain. It was clearly high time for him to rouse himself effectually. He turned and ran up the steps, and there, in the doorway just above him, he saw—the secretary!

Not that he saw her at first, as she was in city walking dress. Oh no! He saw a vision of beauty draped in floating thin stuff, and he smelled—he is quite sure he smelled—the faint odor of wild roses.

"Great Heaven, Miss Endicott!" he cried.

"Why, Mr. Sharpe, is that you?" she said, with unaffected surprise.

"Where did you come from?" he gasped. "If you knew how I have looked for you! Come in here a minute—only a minute; do. I won't keep you, I promise; but come."

He had come into the hall, and now he was holding open a door, and she had to cross the threshold. Tom's impetuous force would have relieved Alice's fears of an insidious and numbing malady could she have seen this exhibition.

"I live in this house," said Miss Endicott.

"So do I."

"But I am away upstairs with a friend of my mother's. I came to her when Miss Sharpe turned me away. Ah! I do so regret the 'Sharpe history.' I have been here ever since."

"And I have been ransacking the continent for you, while you were here at my very door. And you never knew?"

"Never, and it is really an odd coincidence."

"But now I have found you, and—you know—you know."

There was an excitement about Tom so dangerous and infectious that Miss Endicott retreated to the doorway, trembling perceptibly.

"I know that you seem to be going on a journey, Mr. Sharpe, and I am detaining you."

"I am not at all—nothing of the sort, I assure you. I was just going down to the steamer to see some friends off for Europe—nothing more."

Miss Endicott glanced incredulously at the apartment, which showed unmistakably that its occupant had bidden it a long farewell.

"Then you must hurry, or you will miss your friends. I have a business engagement."

She bowed and smiled. She was actually going.

"Promise me that you will not disappear—vanish. Promise me that I may find you this evening upstairs—where you live."

"Why should I disappear? The place upstairs suits me very well. And—yes, you may find me there."

She went out, still smiling, and Tom, turning the key, on the inside this time, gave himself up to the delight of the transformation from the most miserable man alive to the happiest.

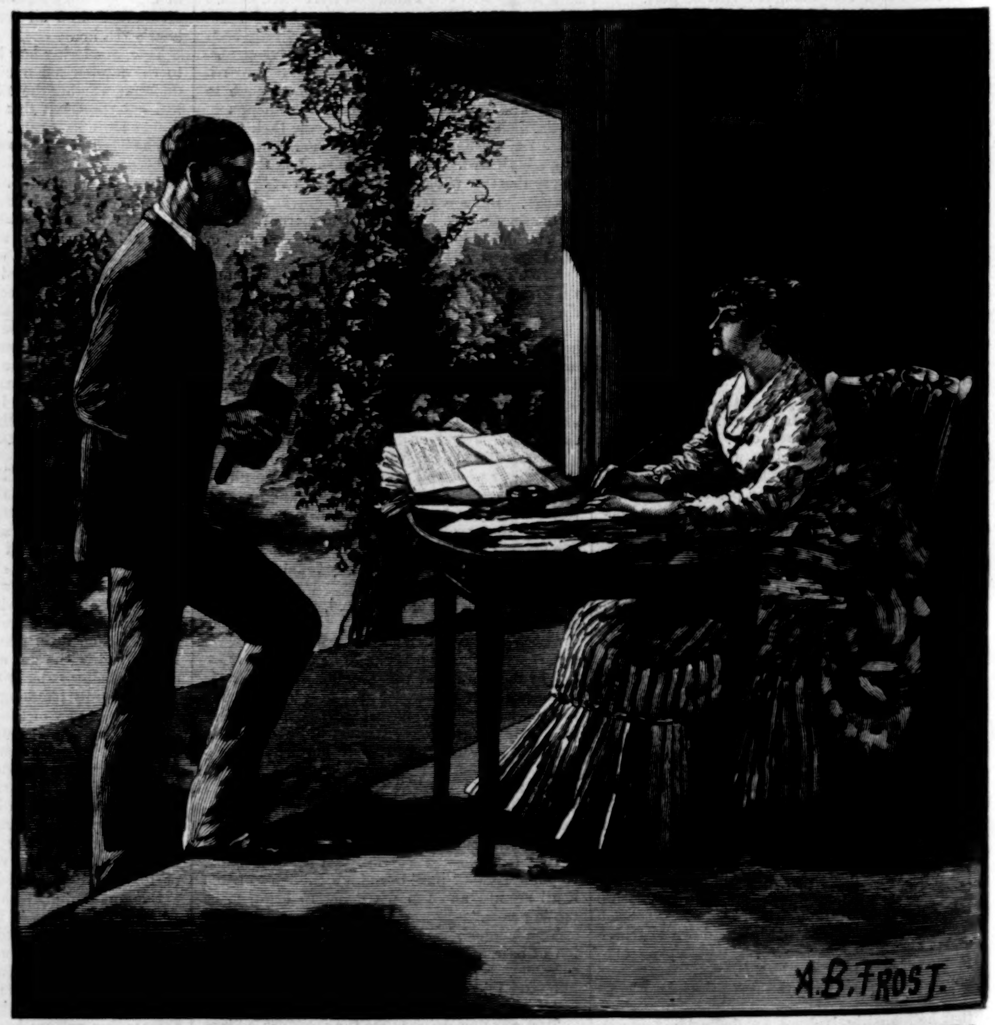
At Queenstown Mrs. Warren received a telegram:

"Forgive me. I was finding my wife, and could not come. Congratulate me. She was Aunt Kerenhappuch's secretary."

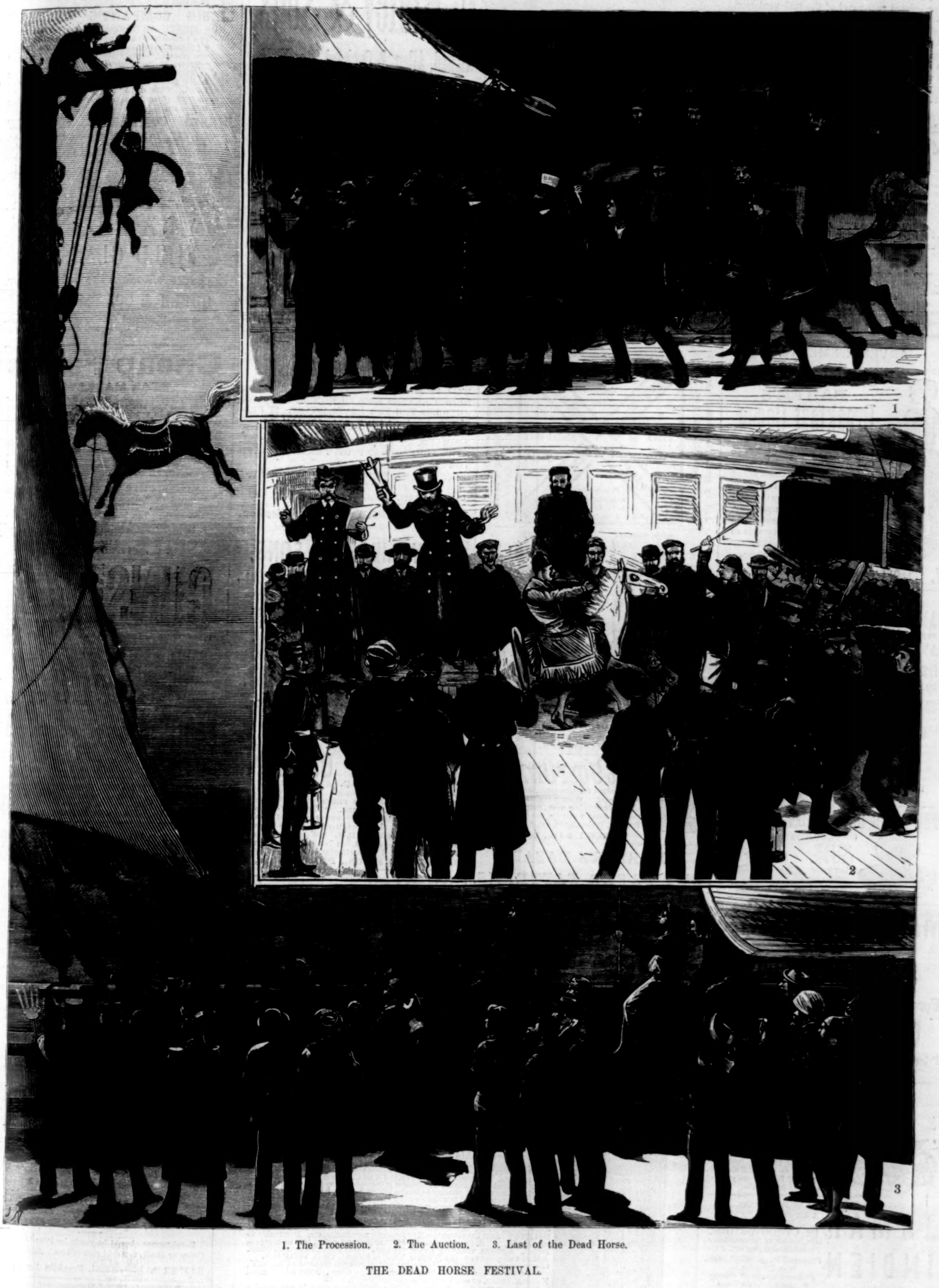
Aunt Kerenhappuch returned the wedding cards, and Tom still says,

"Whether she is mad or bad, I'll be goldurned if I can tell."

ANNIE ROBERTSON MACFARLANE.



"MAY I TROUBLE YOU TO STAND SOMEWHERE ELSE, MR. SHARPE? YOUR SHADOW FALLS ON MY PAPER."



1. The Procession. 2. The Auction. 3. Last of the Dead Horse.

THE DEAD HORSE FESTIVAL.

THE DEAD HORSE FESTIVAL.

This amusing ceremony often takes place on board of English ships sailing to Australia. On joining a ship the sailors are advanced a month's wages, with which they are supposed to have bought a horse, which dies at the end of four weeks. A dummy steed is prepared in the forecastle, the body being an old flour barrel, the neck and head of canvas, stuffed with straw and painted. In place of a saddle, a hole is cut through the body, large enough to admit the legs of the rider.

About half past seven in the evening a small procession, headed by a man who carries a baton, furnished with a rude imitation of a human face, issues from the forecastle. Following him is a sailor with long white whiskers, who holds a can for penny contributions. He is protected by a number of policemen, armed with canvas clubs like those used in pantomimes, with which they lay about them as freely as a New York policeman, but with no other effect than eliciting shouts of laughter. The procession is closed by a number of sailors who sing jolly sea songs during the march. After the collection has been taken up, the party returns to the forecastle.

Shortly afterward a larger procession, shown in sketch No. 1, issues from the forecastle, with a number of comic characters in addition to those just mentioned, among them the auctioneer, in frock-coat and tall hat, with a roll of papers in his hands, and attended by a clerk. Immediately after the auctioneer comes the horse, ridden, or rather carried, by a sailor dressed as a jockey, and led by a groom. The procession parades about the deck, the rider making the horse prance in the most lively and amusing manner.

The auctioneer then mounts a barrel on the quarter-deck, and after a long and laughable harangue on the merits of the horse, puts up the animal for sale. Previous to all this the hat has been passed round among the passengers and officers, and ten to fifteen pounds have been collected for the benefit of the sailors. The bidding is spirited and amusing, and ceases when it reaches the amount collected, which is then handed to the sailors by one of the lady passengers.

After the auction, the leading characters move off to the lee side, near the mainsail, and a solemn dirge is chanted about the poor animal dying suddenly, each verse ending with, "Poor old Horse!" The horse and rider are then hoisted to the end of the mainyard over the ship's side, blue-lights are let off, giving a ghastly aspect to the scene, and at a given signal the rope is cut, and the horse falls into the sea, leaving his rider suspended in the air, and floats astern into the darkness. The procession again forms and marches around the deck, the sailors singing, "Rule, Britannia." The ceremony ends with dancing and singing.

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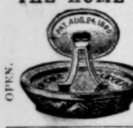

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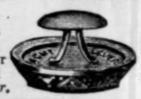

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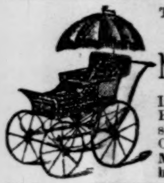

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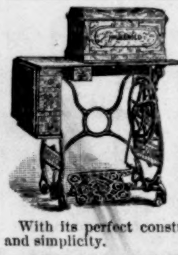

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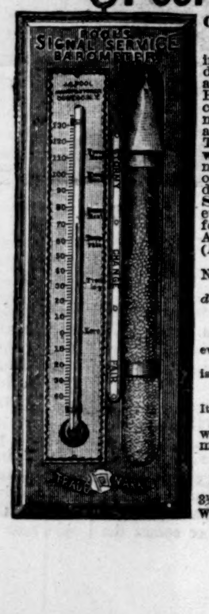

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IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS, in place of cotton-wool a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be constantly kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh;—a single trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

—AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT—

For Washing old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds, and Burns; for washing Chafed places on Infants and Adults; for use by persons suffering with Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm Itching Piles, eruptions on the face and for children afflicted with Scaly Incrustations, it is without any of the injurious effects so often experienced when other Soap is used, while for washing the invalid it only requires once using to convince the Physician that it is a most valuable aid to his treatment, by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise tend to counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, *and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.*

For Washing Bed Clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with contagious and infectious diseases, and for washing Utensils used in the Sick Room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify *without the least necessity of scalding or boiling a single article.*

For washing Graduate Measures and Mortars of Druggists it takes the place of anything else.

Letters are on file at our office, from well-known Physicians describing their experience with The Frank Siddalls Soap in their practice, which leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

FOR LADIES TO READ

To the HOUSEKEEPER and her HELP, to the BOARDING-HOUSE MISTRESS and her LADY BOARDERS, to the FARMER'S WIFE and her DAUGHTERS, for the TOILET and BATH of EVERY LADY of REFINEMENT, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the Skin, and freedom from injury to the fabric, which makes it truly The Woman's Friend.

AMONG THE HOUSEKEEPERS OF NEW ENGLAND (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and no better evidence can be presented of the merits of an article than to be able to say that it meets entire approval in the Homes of New England.

—FOR LAUNDRY, KITCHEN, and HOUSE-CLEANING—

JUST THINK! Clothes Clean, Sweet and Beautifully White without scalding or boiling!

The Soap positively guaranteed not to injure even the finest laces. No Yellow Clothes!

No Steam to Spoil Wall Paper and Furniture! No filthy smell on wash-day! No Rough Red Hands!

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when new. The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints actually brightened! and best of all the wash done in less than half the usual time, and the labor so light that a girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired.

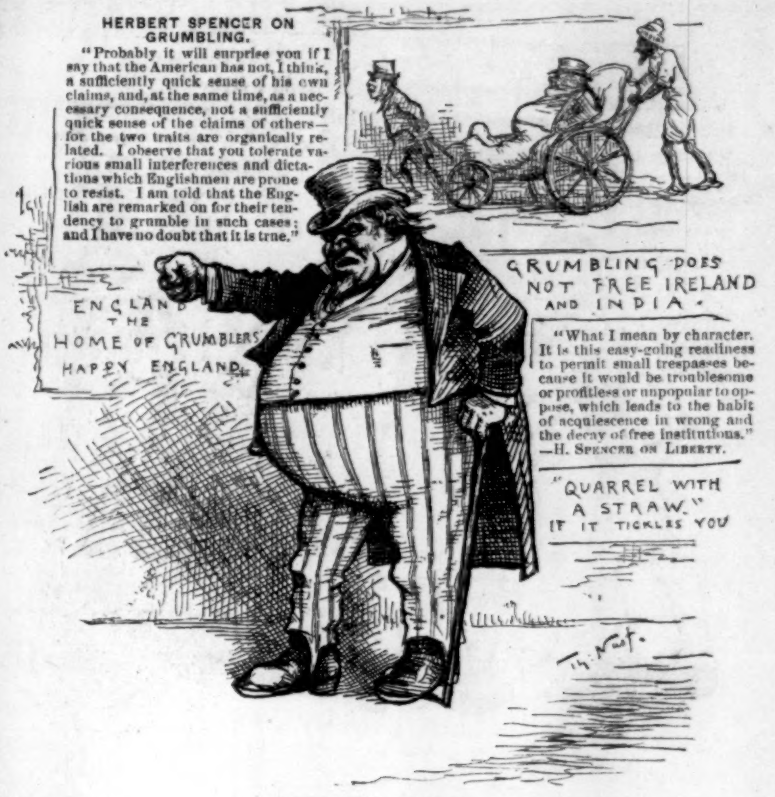
Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for washing dishes;—it is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove the smell of Fish, Onions, etc. When you have a dirty dish-rag or dish-pan dont blame your servants; *it is not their fault;* you have given them a soap made of Rancid Grease and the result is a foul dish-rag; give them the Frank Siddalls Soap; it is made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will always have a clean, sweet smelling cloth:—So here is the Housekeeper's Choice:—a Common Soap and a foul dish-rag, or The Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of.

Use it for Washing Windows and Mirrors, Goblets, Wineglasses, Fruit Jars and all kinds of Glass Vessels; ordinary Soap is not fit for washing glass, while The Frank Siddalls Soap is the most elegant article for this purpose that can be imagined.

—FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES—

It is worth ten times its cost. No baby will ever have its body covered with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, its ingredients being so pure and mild.

Dont use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—*dont even scald them*—but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.


HERBERT SPENCER ON GRUMBLING.
"Probably it will surprise you if I say that the American has not, I think, a sufficiently quick sense of his own claims, and, at the same time, as a necessary consequence, not a sufficiently quick sense of the claims of others—for the two traits are organically related. I observe that you tolerate various small interferences and dictations which Englishmen are prone to resist. I am told that the English are remarked on for their tendency to grumble in such cases; and I have no doubt that it is true."
ENGLAND THE HOME OF GRUMBLERS HAPPY ENGLAND
GRUMBLING DOES NOT FREE IRELAND AND INDIA.
"What I mean by character. It is this easy-going readiness to permit small trespasses because it would be troublesome or profitless or unpopular to oppose, which leads to the habit of acquiescence in wrong and the decay of free institutions."—H. SPENCER ON LIBERTY.
"QUARREL WITH A STRAW." IF IT TICKLES YOU
Th: Nast.

ONE AT A TIME.

When Uncle Sam is old enough to grumble, John Bull will be past grumbling.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES.

—ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES—

Eminent Physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid all such troubles.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH and ARTIFICIAL EYES will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

It washes telescope lenses and Photographer's plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in Schools of Design for washing the expensive brushes used by the students; *try it for washing your Eye-glasses and Spectacles.*

When The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, the hands of those at farm work will not chap from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employments, but of course no home-made or other Soap (not even Castile) must be used.

This Soap is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West, and in Lake water.

If you have a Pet Dog wash it with The Frank Siddalls Soap; be sure to leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed occasionally with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas.

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets. Use it for wiping off oil-cloths, linoleum, etc.—it does away with scrubbing them and keeps the colors bright.

Milk Pans, Churns, and all Milk Utensils when washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap
do not require scalding or putting out in the sun; they will be clean and as sweet as new.
It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

It is the best for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a Scratch; the Soap does not have to be rinsed off.

—FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION—

All perfumes are injurious to the skin; *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed*, but has an agreeable fragrant odor from its ingredients, *that is always pleasant, even to an invalid*—it never leaves any odor on the Skin, the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce; it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—*a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used*, as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even the Imported Castile Soap causes, and it always leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean; it leaves a pleasant aromatic taste and a sweet breath. There is no tooth powder or tooth wash that will compare with it.

Any person who despises a musty sponge or wash-rag will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever a sponge has a disagreeable smell it is due *entirely* to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you;—it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the sun or air.

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing; plenty of the rich, foamy, white lather should be left in the hair (*not washed out*); it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade, or any hair dressing. Used this way it cleans dandruff from the head, the hair will not collect dust, there will never be any Itching of the Scalp, and the Coat Collar and Hat Lining will never be soiled:—*try this.*

HOW A LADY CAN GET SOAP TO TRY

At Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.

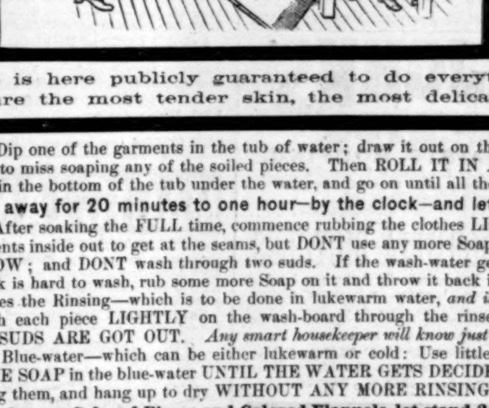
Send the retail price (10 cents) in money or Postage Stamps.
Say she saw the advertisement in HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Only send for One Cake, and make the following two promises.

Promise No. 1—That the Soap shall be used *the first wash-day* after receiving it, *and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.*

Promise No. 2—That *the person sending will personally see* that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be *exactly* followed.

Now, by return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, *postage prepaid;*
it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in POSTAGE STAMPS will be put on.

All this is done for 10 cents, because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.


Hurrah! kick away the Wash Boiler! No Boiling with Frank Siddalls Soap!
Dont spoil the old Boiler Sam, we can keep ashes in it!

How to Tell a Person of Refinement.

A PERSON OF REFINEMENT will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way.

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.

A PERSON OF INTELLIGENCE will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible Directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.

A PERSON OF HONOR will scorn to do so mean a thing as to send for the soap and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.

Sensible Persons will feel thankful and will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice.

If your letter gets no attention,
it will be *because you have not made the promises*,
or because *you have sent for more than one cake.*

You must NOT send for more than one cake:
if a friend wants to try it,
she MUST send in a separate letter.

Remember, The Frank Siddalls Soap is here publicly guaranteed to do everything claimed in this Advertisement, and to contain nothing to injure the most tender skin, the most delicate colors, or the finest fabrics.

A Washboiler MUST NOT be used, *NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER*, and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash.

☞ Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it seems.

A Washboiler will always have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful Housekeeper*, and this injures some of the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap.

☞ Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.

Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn; stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron very much easier.

ALWAYS dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch; the ironing will be easier, and the pieces look much handsomer. It washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, Borax, Ammonia, or any washing compound, and never use any other soap with it.

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in the tub of water; draw it out on the wash-board, and rub the Soap over it VERY LIGHTLY, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled pieces. Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on the wash-board, ***and the dirt will drop out;*** turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, but DONT use any more Soap; DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water.

If a streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back in the suds for a few minutes.

Next comes the Rinsing—which is to be done in lukewarm water, *and is for the purpose of getting all the suds out*, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on the wash-board through the rinse-water (without using any more soap) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. *Any smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.*

Next, the Blue-water—which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Bluing, for this Soap takes the place of Bluing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let stand 20 minutes, and wash the same way, making the last rinse-water soapy. The most delicate colors will not fade when washed this way, but will be the brighter.

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.